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OUR COPPER CALIFORNIA:

OR SOME NOTES OF A TRIP TO LAKE SUPERIOR.

BY JAMES PARTON.

DETROIT is a good place to take boat for Lake Superior. So is Cleveland. Cleveland is better than Detroit, if your appetite for voyaging is keen from long abstinence, and you are bent on making the most of it.

Talking of Detroit and Cleveland, where did we, the great and glorious American people, get the knack of making such pleasant towns? Not from Europe certainly, for Europe, that abounds in pleasant things, has no pleasant towns. A country town in the old world is usually a relic of those barbarous ages when country towns were walled and moated; it is therefore a compact mass of dingy, crooked, ancient city, without suburbs, without trees, without gardens; and if in the outskirts there are a few gardened residences, the grounds are generally inclosed in high walls, and the passer-by is warned of the existence of man-traps and spring-guns. In Dresden, as you may remember, some of the more public-spirited citizens have cut small square holes in their garden-walls, for the solace of the way-farer, who is, however, kept from getting too close to the aperture by a wide and not fragrant ditch.

In all the slow old world, where can you find a town so pleasant, spacious, open, candid, inviting as Detroit? Not that we boast of this particular congregation of houses, for Detroit is only one of a hundred places as pleasant as itself. The show street of Detroit, once a lane of Gen. Cass's farm, does not much differ from Clinton Avenue in Brooklyn, or the principal street of Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Chicago, Madison, Dubuque; but out of 'these United States,' Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, there is no avenue of homes so pleasant to a stranger's eye. The houses are in that half-mansion, half-cottage style that has replaced the white and pillared pretentiousness of the last generation. They stand a little way apart, at some distance from the street, surrounded by

VOL LVII.

17

lawn, garden, trees and shrubbery ; and each domain being separated from the rest by a scarcely perceptible fence, or from the street by a light iron railing, the effect of the avenue is that of a beautiful public garden, wherein, for their merits, a number of citizens have been permitted to build beautiful houses. Or it is as though this were a national exhibition of cottage architecture, to which every architect in the Union had sent a specimen. Gen. Cass's old farm-house-looking mansion is the only exception to the general novelty and elegance of effect. Ah ! Mr. Editor, your public-spirited man of wealth is your true agrarian. It is by making a modest display of wealth and taste, such as this street exhibits, that our rich men, in the only effectual way, share their wealth with all their townsmen. To complete the boon, it is only necessary that the life lived in these houses should be as harmonious and pure as the taste displayed in their erection and adornment.

But take note : it is not only in such streets as these that our towns show evidences of a liberal taste. What may be termed Business Architecture, an original production of the United States, is filling our towns with stores and masses of stores of a truly imposing character. A wholesale store of the first class, in the new style, take it for all in all, considering the massive beauty of the exterior and the museum of facilitating contrivances within, is perhaps about the best thing the arts have yet achieved on this side of the Atlantic. Well, Sir, if work is worship — and a venerable maxim assures us it is — why should not the places wherein work is done be the cathedrals ?

The captains of the steam-boats that circulate among the northern lakes place the most liberal construction upon the advertised time of starting. When they announce their intention to leave at a certain hour of the clock, say ten A.M., it is merely a fanciful mode of intimating to the public that they do not intend to go before ten A.M., and that they will depart as soon after that hour as they shall discover that there is no longer the faintest hope of another passenger, or another barrel of flour, or another quadruped, or another water-melon. It was owing to this peculiarity of lake navigation that I obtained that intimate acquaintance with Detroit which suggested the foregoing impertinent observations. Detroit, I presume, impressed us the more favorably because we came to it direct from Canadian Toronto, distant one day's rush through the primeval forest. Toronto is, for Canada, a handsome town, with a fine look-out upon Lake Ontario, and a hotel of magnificent distances, and the prettiest college edifice on the continent, and a public avenue of horse-chestnuts a mile long, and a statue of Queen Victoria, and two cannons from the Crimea, trophies of the Russian war, and a Cathedral, and a considerable number of costly buildings in dingy yellow brick. But that trim and tidy aspect, that air which is imparted to a town by the American instinct of putting the best foot foremost and making a decent appearance at all hazards and in all circumstances, is wanting to the cities of Canada. The American citizen who comes from Canada to Detroit usually remarks that his foot is on his native heath and that his name is Micawber. He feels that he has arrived at a place where vigor, taste, intelligence abound, where things are done on a great scale, where the activity of the people is cheerful because it is victorious.

That fine and fast-sailing propeller, the 'Aurora Borealis' of Cleveland, bound for the western end of Lake Superior and all intermediate ports, has been taking in freight, while we have been strolling about Detroit and pursuing deep meditations respecting the Origin of Things. The sailing craft that navigate the great lakes, I fear would be described by sea-going critics as 'lubberly.' An old salt would certainly make disparaging remarks concerning those long three-masters, which are a cross between a canal-boat and a ship; nor could the ancient brigs and schooners be expected wholly to escape the censure of a man who knows what a lee-shore is, and what a quantity of lee-shore a lake necessarily presents. It is rather remarkable, too, that yachting is still in its infancy on those magnificent expanses which, with their numberless bays and islands, their endless variety of interest and charm, seem formed for amateur navigation. Yachting, however, is one of the most costly of pleasures. The time will come, doubtless, when the lakes will boast their fleets of yachts; for, beside the pleasure of a summer cruise on these incomparable waters, the western man needs just that peculiar tonic after a year's sedentary toil in his still somewhat debilitating climate. The lakes restore to the constitution what the prairie insensibly steals from it. Already, indeed, there are exquisite little sail-boats to be seen skimming along the shore near the large towns; but they are fair-weather birds all, that would be extremely astonished to find themselves out in a squall twenty miles from shore.

The steam-boats, however, that ply these northern waters are every thing that can be desired: large, elegant, commodious and well managed. The steam-boat system, wholly unlike ours, resembles that of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. The New-Yorker expects his steam-boat to start at a certain minute. He expects it to arrive within five minutes of another previously ascertained point of time, and to shoot him out upon a wharf, and soon after to turn round and go back whence it came, and to repeat the process every day with unvarying regularity. There is something definite, positive, peremptory and exact about the whole transaction. The passenger is an indifferent and passive being. He does not know the captain's name; he forms not the acquaintance of the polite and popular steward; he does not get into the confidence of the gentlemanly clerk; he conceives no admiration for the efficient first-mate; he indulges not in predictions of the future eminence of that promising young officer, the second-mate; he does not know that there are such persons on board. As to the propulsion and navigation of the vessel, he has a vague notion that Robert Fulton arranged all that in the year 1807, or thereabouts, and since then steam-boats go by an inevitable law. A lake steam-boat, let me tell you, is no such matter, and permits no such indifference. A lake steam-boat, Sir, in the month of August, is a market, a hotel, a store, a newspaper dépôt, a post-office, an express-wagon, a cattle-pen, a grand excursion, a series of balls, a circulating library, a wandering town, a purveyor of and dealer in every thing that civilization produces and the wilderness wants. It buys, sells, carries and distributes. It has two bands of music and gives entertainments. It starts when it finds it convenient and stops as long as it likes. Its coming thrills a neighborhood, and its departure is witnessed

by populations. In the towns upon Lake Superior, churches have been adjourned upon the arrival of the steam-boat, and the services resumed after its departure. Of course, the most indifferent passenger gradually imbibes a certain sympathy with the importance of the affair of which he is a part, and becomes a fond admirer of those who control the floating 'Providence.' You are aware that it is the nature of sea-going passengers to adore their Captain; it is not less the propensity of lake voyagers, who circulate anecdotes illustrative of his prowess and skill.

I displayed my ignorance of the lake system during my first interview with the 'Aurora Borealis.' Upon inquiring for passage, I was informed that the steward was the individual to apply to. Now, the word steward, when pronounced in connection with steam-boat, calls up before the mind's eye of a son of Manhattan the figure of a yellow man with a small gold ring in each ear. Precisely that individual I discovered upon the wharf, carrying in each hand a long fish, proof presumptive of stewardship.

'Are you the steward of the 'Aurora Borealis?'' said I to this gentleman, with the gracious condescension of a traveller on the eve of long-desired adventures.

'Me, Sir? Oh! no, Sir. That's the steward, Sir,' pointing to the best-dressed white man in sight, with a ruffled shirt, snowy wrist-bands, coral sleeve-buttons, black broad-cloth clothes and a glazed cap, looking like the captain of a frigate out of uniform.

The steward, as I soon discovered, is a person of great importance. He is the landlord of the hotel, the lord of the passenger-deck, the king of the waiters, the bestower of state-rooms; the gentleman who takes your money and gives you your choice. It is well to be in the good graces of this great man during a ten days' voyage.

'You start at ten, I see by your advertisement,' said I, in my innocence, to the steward.

'Ten?' said he, with the utmost nonchalance; 'I have n't heard the old man say when he would start. But we shan't get away much before ten; though you had better come down as soon as you can.'

And so we did. A bold man is he who engages passages for two for a voyage without consulting the lady who gives him the pleasure of her company during the voyage of life. I sought to prepare her for the worst by leaving out the rose-color from the 'Aurora Borealis.' 'Now, my dear, we cannot expect, you know, to have things quite in the style of the Hudson River. The first view of the 'Aurora Borealis' may be a little disappointing; but how deceptive are first impressions! And what an adventure is before us! We are going to one of the uppermost ends of the earth. We shall behold the red man in his native dug-out, and see Mud-ge-ke-wis in her own wigwam. Do n't be alarmed at the cabbages and the cattle; there's a piano up-stairs and every thing complete.' The allusion to the cattle was opportune, for we gained the wharf just as the 'wild one' of a small drove, which the crew, aided by a con-course of boys, were coaxing on board the 'Aurora,' broke away and tore madly up into the town. This was an unpromising event. We pushed our

way, however, to another aperture of the vessel, and then through a narrow passage walled first by cabbages, next by water-melons, then by peach-baskets, lastly by trunks, to the stairs that led us to an upper and a better world. A contrast more complete than that which is exhibited by the upper and the lower deck of a lake propeller, it were difficult to imagine. Below, from stem to stern, is one wild confusion of every description of dead and living freight: horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, vegetables, fruit, flour, machinery and boxes, with a mass of hissing steam-engine and fiery furnace in the midst. Above is a long and elegantly-furnished saloon, where the arriving passenger discovers groups of ladies sewing, crocheting, reading; gentlemen playing chess or lounging over a magazine; mothers and children playing together; state-room doors open, affording glimpses into pleasant little bowers, nicely curtained and carpeted; a young lady at the piano; and as I had before observed, 'every thing complete.'

'There!' I exclaimed triumphantly as I threw open the door of Number Twenty-three with a flourish; 'what did I tell you? Could any thing be better?' From that moment it became a part of our creed that the '*Aurora Borealis*' was the peerless propeller, our chance discovery of which was one of the most fortunate of all conceivable events. I may as well add that we retained this faith in the excellence of the vessel to the last. The fare was quite as good as that of a well-kept hotel, and the price of passage just equal to the cost of boarding at one. You can steam about on the lakes the whole summer long, at an average expense of two dollars and a half a day. 'The round trip,' as they term it, which is an affair of ten days, (always called eight days in the advertisements,) can generally be done for twenty dollars. It is the cheapest excursion in the world, as well as the most variously pleasing one.

The '*Aurora Borealis*' did not leave Detroit at ten A.M. on the twenty-fifth of August, 1860; nor at eleven A.M., nor at twelve M., nor at one P.M. I made bold to walk again into the town, and on my return, still found the freight coming in. I ventured to lay in more of the peaches for which Michigan deserves well of mankind, and yet the cabbages were not all stowed away. I added to our already superabundant stock of literature, and then there were no signs of leaving. I took another view of Gen. Cass's ancient domicile, and not yet was the captain satisfied. We moved away to another wharf. We came back again. At last, about two o'clock, we blew our whistle three times very long and loud, pushed our prow into the stream, paddled up the Strait, steamed boldly out into Lake St. Clair, and felt that we were 'off.' Is there a delight in life equal to that of the start upon a holiday after years of close, confining work? Seeing your first article in print comes near it, a tumultuous joy, but not equal to the calm ecstacy of feeling yourself gliding away from the cares of the work-day world into a heaven of novelty and freedom, to which your passage is paid.

The individual who figures in literature under the title of 'the judicious reader,' is accustomed, I believe, to skip descriptions of scenery. Even I do so, who have hitherto escaped the imputation of being judicious. Without dwelling, therefore, upon the scenes through which this voyage conducts the traveller — an unrolling diorama a thousand miles long — I will merely call the

attention of the future tourist to one feature of it, its curious, unexpected, incomparable variety. There is just enough of every thing and too much of nothing.

Now observe. At Detroit the Strait, one mile wide, that connects Lake Erie and Lake St. Clair, has the effect of a river, with green, village-dotted shores, very pleasant to spy at through an opera glass. Seven miles above the city, the blue waters suddenly expand into the beautiful Lake St. Clair, twenty-four miles long and thirty wide, affording a new sensation; in fact, two new sensations, for beside the pleasure of looking out upon a broad expanse of tranquil water on a fine summer afternoon, we all have a ridiculous pride in beholding any natural object which we read about in our geographies at school. The man who has seen Lake St. Clair, Niagara Falls, or Salt River, feels himself superior to any man who has not. 'And this is Lake St. Clair,' he says to himself; 'and I have lived to see it. St. Clair: that I have been 'kept in' for not knowing! How many poor devils in Nassau-street would like to be where I am at this moment?' In two hours, at the precise moment when you are just about to feel that you have had enough of St. Clair, behold the broad and glistening sheet appears to terminate in an unbroken shore, which reveals at last a cleft that proves to be the beginning of a winding strait half-a-mile wide and forty miles long; another river, with banks of farm, village and forest, at easy opera-glass range. For three hours we wind along this pleasant stream, and as night is closing in, glide by Port Huron and the *dépôt* of the Grand Trunk Railroad, with its town of buildings and its snorting trains, out into the broad blue ocean of Lake Huron, eleven hundred miles in circumference and two hundred and sixty miles from north to south. Oh! that first evening! That sun setting in golden glory; that moon rising from a silvery sea; that Port Huron light dwindling from a blaze high in the air to a speck on the horizon; that illimitable expanse of moon-lit water! But we are not to describe these things, you know.

Lingering late upon the forward-deck, insatiable, we began already to feel that it was toward the north pole that we were going. It was as cold as October. Those over-coats and blanket-shawls which we had packed in New-York, amid the ridicule of on-lookers melting with an August heat, were worth their weight in gold to us then. Hot days they have upon the upper lakes, but warm evenings never. At noon-day the sun scorches with a peculiar intensity, but you have only to step into the shade to be cooler than is comfortable. Reëntering the saloon late in the evening, we found it transformed into a long ball-room, blazing with light, four waiters mounted upon a table and serving as a band, four sets of quadrilles in course of successful performance, the head-waiter bawling the figures with the usual energy, and the cabin lined with spectators. Upon this lively scene even our two worthy clerical tourists looked complacent; and better would it be for us all, if clergymen oftener joined in the innocent pleasures of the people. You and I, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, and MACE SLOPER, Esqs., may yet live to see the village pastor making it a point of going to the circus when it comes along. Mace and I may not, but you certainly will, for is not the KNICKERBOCKER immortal? Contributors perish, but the Magazine lives.

Glorious was it, on getting up the next morning, to find that only one dark streak of land, far away to the south-west, was in sight. In all this long voyage we only once quite lost the land, and then but for six hours. That was in the upper part of Lake Michigan, the roughest of all these great lakes, owing to the long sweep of the wind from north to south. All this calm, brilliant summer day we were in the midst of Huron, and all the next night paddling away toward the north. We could have enjoyed two days of such tranquil uneventful motion with such perfect weather; but, early in the second day, before the most impatient traveller could have much desired a change of scene, there came a change, and such a change! Between Lake Huron and Lake Superior there is another strait, sixty-three miles long and twenty wide, so thickly studded with islands that again the effect is river-like. Do n't talk to me of the thousand islands of the St. Lawrence. Here are more than four thousand islands! At least there was a rumor to that effect on board the 'Aurora Borealis,' and no one contradicted it. Islands beyond islands, and the dark shore beyond all. Long vistas between islands. Islands miles long, and islands that were green dots upon the blue water; all uninhabited, all green and woody, with the foliage just touched, here and there, with the brilliant colors of autumn; and occasionally an Indian canoe with a blanket for a sail. Sir, I am about to make a sweeping observation. This sixty-three miles of island-gemmed strait, upon a fine afternoon in summer, is the most enchanting succession of beautiful scenes which this globe exhibits. I say upon a fine afternoon in summer, for here more than elsewhere color is the essential charm. In such quiet level scenes as these color plays the part which delivery does in oratory: 'it bears absolute sway,' as Demosthenes remarks upon the title-page of the 'United States Speaker.' You must have the deep blue of the sky, the brilliant lake-blue of the water, the emerald of the islands, the gilding glory of the sun to make the water sparkle, and to shed a golden beauty even upon the vast and heavy precipices that overhang Echo Lake, far over to the north-east.

The first sign of a human habitation that we encountered in these enchanting solitudes was a large building resembling a store-house, upon which was a sign-board bearing the most unexpected words: 'RASPBERRY JAM.' If it had said, 'Opera-glasses to let,' or 'Soda-water from block-tin fountains,' or 'Alexander's white kids,' or 'Paris perfumery,' we should hardly have been more astonished. The captain explained that wild raspberries grew in these regions in luxuriant abundance, and some knowing gentleman had, some years ago, conceived the idea of converting this fruit into a merchantable commodity; employing the squaws to gather it for him. Others have since embarked in the business, and raspberry jam has now become a really important article of trade. They use hundreds of barrels of sugar during the season, and send away to the lower country thousands of jars of the material of raspberry tarts. Could any body but a Yankee have created a large and profitable business out of the raw material of wild raspberries and wild Indian women five hundred miles from a market?

Sunset brought us to that ancient and interesting place, the name of which,

as written on the maps, 'Saut Ste. Marie,' adds needlessly to the difficulties of young geographers. Lake-men universally style it, 'The Soo;' and passengers, who begin by speaking of the Falls of St. Mary, are glad enough to come to 'The Soo' at last. Here are the rapids less than a mile in length, which for two hundred years cut off Lake Superior from the navigation of the lakes. Here is the ship-canal which, five years ago, rendered the great lake accessible, and opened to commerce its two thousand miles of ore-laden coast. Here are villages, summer hotels, an ancient stockade, a Hudson's Bay Company dépôt, Indians living in veritable wigwams on the edge of the rapids, birch-bark canoes, and every thing strange, ancient, curious and delightful. As we roam along the shore, and see fourteen Indians paddling a long canoe, with the chief's favorite squaw sitting amidships, holding over her head a green silk parasol, and catch the monotonous but energetic chant of the dusky crew, we feel that we are travellers indeed. The obliging 'Aurora' remained here long enough, as it did at every town, for the passengers to satisfy their first curiosity. Just as the moon rose, the boat was lifted by two locks up against the sky into the canal; we glided slowly along for ten minutes; then swiftly into a widening passage, and we were in Lake Superior!

Here you would suppose variety at an end. On the contrary, the changes of scene are as frequent and pleasing upon Lake Superior as upon the chain of lakes leading to it. The Pictured Rocks, which we passed in the morning, do not quite meet the expectations of tourists. They are a long range of cliffs, as high as the Palisades of the Hudson, and present a curious and puzzling variety of colors, which a strong imagination can form into pictures of waterfalls and other natural objects. At one point the formation of rock does really resemble a castle picturesquely placed on the end of a commanding promontory. Passing by these, and winding around a beautiful island, we reach ere long the first of the Lake Superior towns, Marquette, the centre and port of the iron district, a thriving place of fifteen hundred inhabitants. Here it is that the passenger perceives the importance to these remote places of the steam-boat from the lower country. As we approach the town the tables of the cabin are spread with newspapers, magazines and books, for sale to the inhabitants. The boys of the place are on the wharf, interested in the coming stocks of water-melons and peaches. The storekeepers are all there to receive their supplies. Ladies come down in throngs to see who are on board, to catch a glimpse of the fashions, and to share in the general excitement. For an hour or two there is a prodigious bustle, during which the traveller has an opportunity to view the town, and wonder at the great scale upon which the business of the place is done. Already there is a railroad running back twenty miles into the interior of the iron region. Extensive wharves and elevators for the quick loading of vessels have been constructed. A well-conducted newspaper, full of mining intelligence, couched in the miners' unknown tongue, has been for some time established. Excellent schools are in operation. A superbly-placed street, along the summit of a bluff, overlooking the lake, already contains several elegant cottages. Never did we feel such throbs of patriotic pride and exultation as when we discovered in these towns of Lake

Superior, so remote, so recent, all the means and all the best results of high civilization: instructed children, women of good sense and culture, men of far-reaching enterprise and public spirit. Why, Sir, they have the very toys of civilization up there. I saw a young dandy on the wharf of Marquette assiduously employed in coloring his meerschaum, as though he would say to the arriving crowd: 'Am I not a man and a brother?' I venture to say, Mr. Editor, that the Prince of Wales collar made its way to these towns before navigation closed last year. The City can no longer vaunt itself over the Country. The country mouse has every thing that the city mouse has. The word provincial has lost its meaning, and the United States is metropolitanized.

The great peninsula that extends from the southern shore, forty miles out into the lake, affords the tourist one of the most startling surprises of the voyage; for, low down in the heart of it, at the head of a river that nearly cuts it into an island, lies Portage, the first of the copper ports. From the broad lake the steamer enters the little winding river by an aperture scarcely wider than the Erie Canal, and in a moment you find yourself threading the mazes of a mere creek, with lofty umbrageous banks. So narrow is this stream, so abrupt and numerous its turns, that it is necessary to employ a little puffing black-beetle of a tug-boat to pull round the bows of the long propeller. And thus we pursue our slow and devious course for sixteen miles, and find Portage climbing up both sides of this curious little river, and steam ferry-boats plying from side to side. Here again the stranger is astonished at the great scale upon which things are carried on. The copper at this place is chiefly obtained by crushing the copper-bearing rock, and the place is pervaded by the thumping noise of the machinery used for this purpose. To show the importance of the works here, I will only mention that one of the 'stamping-mills' contains a hundred and forty thousand dollars' worth of machinery. The time is not distant when this single place, sequestered among these wooded hills, will produce as much copper as the mines of all Great Britain yield. The dear-bought experience of twenty unprofitable years is now beginning to bear fruit. Don't ask about the mines. A mine is only a square hole like a large well, leading to extensive burrowings under ground. There is a fascination in them, it appears, for the Cornishmen here, who are miners by nature, and cannot be coaxed or hired to work above-ground.

On these hill-sides, sheltered as they are, we see potatoes in blossom on the first of September, and oats that showed not the faintest hue of ripening. Statements differ with regard to the climate of these northern regions, and particularly with regard to the duration and severity of the winter. An officer of the 'Aurora Borealis' informed us that he had had a sleigh-ride here on the fifteenth of September, and been stopped by the ice on the tenth of May. The worthy landlord of the Ontonagon hotel laughed these assertions to scorn, and declared that they had delicious Septembers, enchanting Octobers, pleasant Novembers, and no settled sleighing till December. The ladies aver that the winters are delightful, and the 'Guide-Book' that there is no telling how cold it is, because the mercury freezes in the performance of its duty. One gentleman said he raised all the vegetables of the season in his garden, toma-

toes included. Another informed us that he knew some one who had had four acres of potatoes killed by the frost on the twenty-sixth of July. These slight variations are attributed to the fact, that no where in the world is there such an implicit belief in Professor Holmes' Hub-of-the-Universe theory as in the towns upon Lake Superior. Marquette pooh-poohs Ontonagon. Ontonagon smiles derisively at the mention of Marquette. Portage laughs at the pretensions of both. Copper Harbor won't hear of either; and Superior City says, wait and you will see. The newspapers toss remarkably large masses of ore at one another; and invite a return in kind, saying: 'Equal that if you can.' It is an article of faith with every man, that the place in which he lives either now is or inevitably will be the head, crown, glory and metropolis of the upper country.

The river on which Portage stands penetrates the peninsula to within one mile of its northern side, and to make that single mile it is necessary to sail nearly a hundred miles. So, after a stay of twenty hours, we again enlisted the services of the puffing insect, and squirmed out of the river into the open lake, and around the peninsula to Eagle Harbor, to Copper Harbor, to Ontonagon, and the rest. Ontonagon (pronounced On-to-naw-gon, with the accent on naw,) is renowned as the seat of the mass-copper mining, and we found piled upon the wharf masses of copper nearly pure, weighing from two to five tons. It is a curious fact in mining, that the richness of the Ontonagon mines presents the chief obstacle to their profitable working. The difficulty is to sever from the huge boulders of copper, weighing from ten to five hundred tons, pieces small enough to be conveniently lifted to the surface and transported to the lake. Even five tons of solid copper, worth twenty-five hundred dollars, is one of the most troublesome nuggets to handle that you can imagine. These masses can no more be blasted with gunpowder than you can blast a brass cannon by firing it off. To this day, after nearly twenty years of experimenting, they have discovered no better mode of getting to pieces the hundred-ton chunks of copper than cutting them with a cold-chisel. Sawing has been thoroughly tried, but so far without result.

At Ontonagon the tourist is obliged to throw his great mind upon the puzzle of the copper region. One of the apartments of the hotel at Ontonagon (which hotel, let me record, is spacious, elegant, and perfectly kept,) is a museum of copper curiosities. Indeed nearly every house on the lake, public and private, contains a collection of specimens, many of which are extremely beautiful and curious, owing to the facts that copper is frequently found in combination with quartz of dazzling whiteness, and that the copper once molten, cooled and solidified in a thousand fantastic forms. But to our puzzle. The museum of the hotel contains some of the evidences that the copper mines of Lake Superior were worked ages ago by a race respecting which no tradition exists among the Indians who now inhabit these shores. No Indians of the tribes familiar to us were ever capable of working copper, and the existence of copper in these rock-bound hills was unknown to them, till the white man discovered it a few years ago. But these hills teem with proofs that the mines were worked before Columbus discovered America. Pits about thirty

feet deep are found leading to rich veins of metal, and from the sides of these pits trees centuries old are growing. At the bottom have been discovered small round boulders of peculiar hardness, and of a kind of stone not found in the upper country, that were evidently used to break off pieces of copper. Some fragments of the metal half-severed from the mass have been discovered, showing marks of blows, and many of the boulders have been found broken and misshaped by use. Of these rude natural mallets cart-loads have been collected, and specimens may be seen in the museum of the hotel. To this day the ancient pits guide the speculator in copper lands to the most productive veins.

At Ontonagon, which is still a very rudimentary town, with sandy streets, and wooden side-walks in a state of dilapidation, a town where every man, woman and child must necessarily know the residence of every other man, woman and child, we were rather surprised to notice that the houses of any pretension were blessed with large, highly-polished silver door-plates. We also observed that about every third man wore on his little finger a silver ring of amazing magnitude, with a gold dollar or a piece of agate let into the top thereof, like a trap-door. Some of the miners who came to the town on Sunday had three or four vast silver rings on each hand, and a long silver tunnel or cylinder through which ran the ends of their cravats. Farther inspection of the town revealed the source of this profusion of silver ornamentation: a little shop with a large sign, which informed the public that therein silver rings were sold, and made to order of every pattern, and that any body's silver would be taken in and done for. It appears that in all the copper mines of Lake Superior small pieces of silver ore are found, which the miners choose to consider in the light of perquisites, and transfer immediately to their own private pockets, without reporting the fact to the superintendent. Silver ware is consequently a common article in houses that are little more than shanties. It is not unlikely that important discoveries of silver may yet be made in these regions. The annual product of this precious metal is now estimated at seventy-five thousand dollars.

The ill-fated 'Lady Elgin,' then the largest and best-appointed vessel on the upper lakes, commanded by the brave and generous John Wilson, whom to know was to love, bore us swiftly homeward; in and out of the winding Portage river again; past the Pictured Rocks once more; through the ship-canal; down among the enchanted islands, then blazing with autumnal hues; round lofty Mackinaw, the unequalled summer resort; down the long length of boisterous Lake Michigan, to Chicago, the metropolis of the prairies, the wonder of the west, the wonder of the world. The last five years have not been considered prosperous ones for the prairie country, but what advances has Chicago made! not in wealth and population merely, but in order, in cleanliness, in taste, in magnificence, in every thing that renders a city desirable for the habitation of civilized beings.

So much for our little trip to Lake Superior, the rock-bound coasts of which are the Cornwall of the United States. Our forefathers doubtless thought it a fine thing to have upon their map 'the largest sheet of fresh

water in the world.' It was in keeping with the other geographical grandeurs of the new hemisphere: it did credit to the continent. But it occurred to no one, until the discovery of copper twenty years ago, that those northern shores could ever be a possession of practical value. It is evident now that they are going to be forever a source of incalculable benefit to the country. A great part of the coast of the lake has scarcely been trodden by the foot of the explorer; but wherever upon those shores the eye of science has fallen, indications of mineral wealth have been observed. If one should be compelled to choose between the possession of the Lake Superior coast and California, it would be hard to part with the land of gold, but I would do it rather than cede those copper-yielding hills; and all coming time would ratify the choice. The pioneers of the mining county have had to contend with difficulties that would long ago have disheartened men less resolute than they. They are now beginning to reap the reward of many years of ill-requited toil. The thirty thousand inhabitants of these vigorous little towns will be a hundred thousand in five years, and a million in twenty. The dog-trains that now draw their weekly mail over the snow will ere long be superseded by trains of a very different description; and the KNICKERBOCKER for March, 1865, will not be four weeks in getting from Beekman-street to Ontonagon.

ON A LOBSTER.

BY JOSEPH BARBER.

FAILING to make fleas' bodies, claws and shanks,
 Turn red by heating, like a kindled cinder,
 'Fleas are *not* lobsters,' cried Sir Joseph Banks,
 (See his biography by Peter Pindar.)

The lobster has no twin, it reigns *per se*
 Crustacean monarch of the realms of ocean;
 Hived in its shell such flavors rare there be,
 The thought fills all my stomach with emotion!

The flaky tail! the big claws' gelid meat!
 All pink and pearly like a blonde's complexion;
 The 'coral,' redder than most lips we meet,
 The unctuous greenness found upon dissection:

These blent with fragrant oil, rare condiments,
 And lettuce, crisp and fresh, form such a salad,
 That, as my fancy the *bonne bouche* presents,
 'T is too, *too* much, and I must close my ballad.

BOB O' LINK.

BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

It was noon in summer. The earth lay breathless in the heat, with its thousand tongues in wood and field too faint for their accustomed low, mysterious speech. The Long Island shore, white and crescented, bared its bosom like Danae to the golden embraces of the sun. In the meadows the heavy-crested grasses with nodding heads beat time to the sweet wash of waves upon the beach. Yellow spires of the golden-rod pierced the air like steeples. The tulip-tree, robed like a priest in fereal green, held up to heaven with branching arms a thousand golden chalices. Far away across the Sound lay the Connecticut shore trembling through mist, while behind me, from the green recesses of a deserted garden, the oriole poured forth his monotone of sorrow.

As I sauntered down the little path that led from the old house where I was boarding for the summer, to my favorite haunt by the sea-shore, with clouds of insects springing from the grass like a living spray at every step I took, I suddenly heard the saucy notes of that low-comedian of birds, the Bob o' Link. As I have always had a friendly feeling toward this ornithological *farceur*, I set to work to obtain an interview with him. I was not long in discovering his whereabouts. He was sitting on the stump of a rail chattering vehemently, and as well as I understood his language, impudently; preening his feathers, cocking his head on one side, as if he had a passion for seeing Nature upside down, and shaking his wings as though he contemplated an immediate migration to the coast of Africa. About every half-minute or so he would suddenly leave his perch, and flying a little distance, flop into the long meadow-grass, whence instantly would proceed a most astounding vocal effort, after which he would reappear and resume his rail in triumph. His frequent journeys to the same spot led me to suspect that he had some private interest in that quarter—a nest, or a young bride perhaps, and that he was in fact passing his honey-moon, so I walked toward the place in which I saw him disappear last, determined to be a witness of his domestic bliss.

It seemed to me that a human head was lying alone and bodiless in the deep green sea of grass that surrounded me. A beautiful youth's head, blonde and spiritual, looking up at me with a calm, unfrightened look, while nestling close to its pale, rounded cheek, hushed and rather astonished by my appearance, sat Master Bob o' Link.

The head, however, was not without a body. The long bending grass met over the form, leaving exposed only the pale, beautiful face, which looked like an exquisite Venetian picture framed in gold and green.

'Good morning, Sir,' said the youth in a sweet voice as I bent over him, looking I suppose a little bewildered at this sudden apparition, and fondling at the same time Master Bob o' Link with long slender fingers. 'Good morning, Sir.'

'Good morning,' I answered. 'You seem to be taking things quietly here.'

He gave a sudden glance downward toward his feet, and a sad smile flickered over his lips.

'I am obliged to take things quietly,' he said.

'Ah! an invalid I suppose. I am sorry.'

'I am paralyzed, Sir.'

No words can paint the tone of utter despair in which he made this terrible statement. If you have ever spoken with a man who had spent twenty years in solitary confinement, you will have noticed the unearthly calm of his voice, the low monotone of sound, the loneliness of accent. Well, this lad's voice sounded so. He talked like one shut out of life. I made a place for myself in the grass and sat down beside him.

'I was attracted by your bird,' I said; 'I thought he had a nest here, and so followed him. I trust I am not intruding.'

'Not at all, Sir; I am glad to have some one to speak to. As for Bob, he has a nest here, but it's in my heart. He is the only thing on earth that loves me.'

'You take too sad a view of life, my friend. Your calamity is great, no doubt, but still —'

'Ah! Sir, it's all well enough to talk so when you have limbs and health and freedom. When you can work and go out into life and tread the earth with the full consciousness of being. But when ever since you can remember you have been but the moiety of a man, utterly helpless, utterly dependent, an infant without an infant's happy unconsciousness. But what's the use of my talking to you in this way; here, Bob, show the gentleman your tricks.'

Bob, on this summons, left his post by the lad's cheek, where he had remained perfectly still, taking an inventory of my person with his round bright eye, and apparently measuring me for a suit of clothes, and suddenly flew into the air, where he summersaulted and pirouetted and affected to lose the use of his wings and tumble from an appalling height, invariably recovering himself before he reached the ground, after which he gravely alit upon his master's breast and thrust his little bill affectionately between his lips.

'You have tamed your bird wonderfully,' I said to the boy.

'It has been my amusement during many solitary hours,' he answered with a feeble smile.

'How is it that you have been left so solitary?' I asked; 'you live in the neighborhood?'

'In that house up yonder just peeping from behind that clump of maples,' and he pointed as he spoke toward a respectable farm-house.

'And you have friends — a family?'

'Ah! Sir, they are kind enough to me; but they must be very tired of me by this time.'

'Come,' said I encouragingly, laying my hand on his shoulder, 'come, tell me all about yourself. I'm a good listener: beside, I am interested in you. Bob here looks as if he was anxious for a story. This is a charming nook that we are in, so I'll just light a cigar, and do you talk.'

The free and easy manner I assumed seemed to surprise him. He glanced shyly at me out of his large blue eyes as if suspicious of my sincerity; then he heaved a little sigh, stroked Bob's feathers, as if to assure himself of the presence of at least one friend, and saying, 'As you please,' commenced:

'I am eighteen,' he said; 'you would not think it, for I know I look younger than I am. Confinement and suffering have made my complexion pale and transparent, and the sun and the winds that harden other men's skins and age their features, have had but little to do with me. Ever since I can remember I have been paralyzed in the lower limbs. For years I lay upon an inclined plane of board, looking up at the ceiling with a mind very nearly as blank as the white plaster I gazed at. My father died when I was a mere infant, and there was no one left in the house but mother and Cousin Alice and me.'

'Cousin Alice,' I said; 'who is she?'

His eyes wandered timidly toward the house behind the maples, as if he expected some apparition to start from thence on the very instant.

'Cousin Alice,' he repeated vaguely, 'well, she's — Cousin Alice.'

'Excessively explanatory,' I said, laughing. 'Is Cousin Alice young?'

'My age.'

'Is she pretty?'

One deep, reproachful look of those large blue eyes told me all. Poor fellow, there he lay maimed, useless, passing his days and evenings in the presence of some beautiful creature whom he could never hope to possess, but loving her with all that concentrated intensity which belongs to the passions of the deformed.

He seemed to know what was passing in my mind; for without a word from me, he continued: 'She is engaged to Ralph Farnwell, who lives down yonder. She is very fond of him, and he of her. It is they who bring me down between them to this place every fine day, and I sit here with Bob while they go off and pick nuts, and — and ——' and here the picture was too much for him, and the poor fellow burst into tears.

No wonder. To have his misfortune paraded through necessity before the woman he loved. To be carried about like a piece of furniture by her and his rival. How often that poor heart must have been smitten bitterly! How often those crippled limbs thrilled with agony!

I took his hand in mine, but did not say a word. There are times when consolation is cruel. It was better than all words to let him feel by the pressure of my hand that he had found a friend. We sat this way for some time, until I was aroused from a painful reverie into which I had fallen by a long, black shadow being projected across the spot in which we were sitting. I looked up and saw a tall, handsome young man with bronzed cheeks and curly chestnut hair, on whose arm was hanging an exceedingly lovely young girl, whose face was a perfect treasury of archness and innocence. They looked rather surprised at seeing me, but I explained how it was that I came to be there, and they seemed satisfied.

'Harry, is n't it time to come home?' said the young girl. 'Ralph and I are come for you.'

'Thank you, Alice; but I'd like to stay an hour longer. The day is so bright and sunny that it is a shame to be in-doors. You do n't want to go home yet,' and he looked at Ralph as he said this with a bitter expression of countenance that perhaps I alone observed, but which seemed to say: It will give you an hour more to wander together. Of course you do n't want to go home.

'Well, as you please, Harry. Ralph and I will go off to the pond in the cedar grove and come back in about an hour. But I say, Harry, look here; is n't this pretty?' and as she spoke she held out a little box for his inspection. He opened it, and disclosed a pretty little ring set with garnets. While he looked at it, Alice stooped over and with a blush whispered something into his ear, which made him to my keener sight quiver in all that part of him that was alive. It was but momentary, however, for he restored the box, saying coldly: 'Well, I wish you both every happiness. You will find me here when you return.'

As they walked slowly away, he followed them with his eyes, then turned to me. 'They are to be married next Sunday,' he said.

I felt all the meaning of his words. I pitied him. Solitude is a need to him at this moment; I will leave him. As I pulled out my watch and prepared for my departure, he said to me: 'I am exceedingly obliged to you, Sir, for your company, but I want you to do me one more favor before you leave. You are strong and I am light. Please take me to the giant's chair. I love to sit on it and dip my hand in the salt wash of the sea.'

'But are you not afraid of slipping and falling in?' I asked, for the giant's chair was a fantastically-shaped rock a few hundred yards down the beach, around whose rugged base the sea at high tide washed clamorously.

'Oh! no,' he answered; 'there is a cleft in it where I sit quite safely. And when Ralph and Alice come to look for me, I can easily shout to them from where I am. Do take me, Sir, if you please.'

Of course I obeyed his wishes. I lifted him in my arms, and with Bob flying alongside of us, carried him down to the huge old rock which was regally draped in the rich brown tapestry of the sea. I found a comfortable, dry cleft in which I stowed him away, and with a promise to come and see him the following day, I left him, with Bob chattering away on his shoulder, gazing dreamily across at the Connecticut shore.

About an hour and three-quarters after this, I was strolling down the road smoking my after-dinner segar, when I heard hurried steps behind me, and the young man named Ralph ran up pale and breathless.

'For God's sake, Sir, where did you leave Harry?' he cried. 'We can't find him any where!'

'Oh! you have n't looked on the giant's chair, then; I took him there. I left him snug and comfortable.'

'But we have, Sir. We knew how fond he was of sitting there, and when we missed him from the meadow, concluded that he had got you to carry him there. But there's no sign of him, only the Bob o' Link flying wildly over the spot where the rock dips in to the water, and crying as if its heart would break.'

'Not in the giant's chair!' I cried, with a sick feeling about my heart. 'Good God! he has drowned himself.'

'Drowned himself! Why, what for?' asked Ralph with the most unfeigned astonishment.

'He was in love with his Cousin Alice; and you are to marry her on next Sunday,' was my only reply.

The man was stunned. He saw it in an instant. All that secret and mysterious love which had racked the heart of the poor cripple, unknown to him or his betrothed, was now laid bare. He groaned and buried his head in his hands. 'This will kill Alice, Sir,' he said to me. 'Come and help me to break it to her.'

My conjecture was correct. About a week after this, the body of the poor paralytic was washed ashore some miles down the beach, holding with desperate clutch in one hand a little daguerreotype of his Cousin Alice.

And Bob: he missed the accustomed hand. For days after his master's death he used to fly down to the old place in the meadow and hover around there, waiting for him who never more would come. This lasted for about a fortnight, when one day Ralph in passing by found the poor bird dead in the grass, which still bore the impress of his master's form.

SONNET.

BY HENRY W. ROCKWELL.

ONCE walked with me upon this moon-lit shore,
In other days, a true friend and well-tried:
But now, our different fates dissevered wide,
No longer meet, for she is mine no more:
Nor ever when the winds their fury pour
On my frail bark, or when I safely ride,
Do I behold her present at my side:
For she the cross of suffering meekly bore,
And passed away like some forgotten dream—
The 'echo of a long-lost melody,'
Which never may be heard on earth again:
Now, half in doubt, my devious footsteps stray,
Since she is gone who did outvie all praise:
The light and joy of life's serener days.

THE SNOW-DRIFT.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

O SWEET creation ! cradled in the skies,
Crowning with beauty all the field's expanse ;
Thy Parian glow and sculptured symmetries
Eclipse the wildest wonders of romance.

Thou sittest a monarch on thy Doric throne,
Carved with plinth, cornice, architrave and frieze ;
Thy architect a cunninger skill doth own,
Than wrought with Phidias or Praxiteles.

Toppling in pride above the garden-fence,
Of this fair world thou seemest the fairest part ;
Thy splendors shame the rarest excellence
That glows in Grecian or in Tuscan art.

Last night the north wind from his distant lair
Swept with mad fury down the boreal seas ;
Piping a shrill blast on the startled air,
He tossed the snow, and shook the shuddering trees.

The mountains made obeisance as he flew,
And smote their harpsichord of ancient pines ;
He piled the multitudinous snow into
Ranges of mimic Alps and Apennines.

So here I find thee, Memnon of the morn,
Rising from out thy sea's unbroken white ;
As Love's fair goddess, on the ocean born,
Rose from the waves on nebulous clouds of light.

How glorious if thy beauty, isle of snow,
Might here transfigured and forever lie :
A bright Atlantis in the world below,
Dropped from the broad blue ocean of the sky.

Unworthier fate, some base iconoclast
Thy flowing locks is waiting to destroy ;
Perhaps thou to kiss the virgin earth at last
Beneath the vandal foot of some rude boy.

But though profaned and ravished on the plain,
 The friendly sun thy spirit shall renew ;
 And the soft-footed couriers of the rain
 Once more translate thee to thy native blue.

FRENCH COLONIES IN NORTH-AMERICA.

BY THOMAS H. HUBBARD.

'*Sunt regibus longæ manus*,' are words of too much latitude to satisfy individual egotism. Kings, like their subjects, choose to measure with their brother potentates, and prove the respective length and strength of each. Alexander, if he could have spoken Latin, which the polemic tendency of the times, and the king's devotion to horse-taming, forbid us to suppose, would have rendered the phrase, '*Sunt Alexandri regi longæ manus*.' And so the Roman emperors and kings of Visigoths and Huns, Christian and Moslem chieftains, czar and khan, all in their own times, have striven to monopolize the application of this simple little sentence. Perhaps there never was a period of such active rivalry in discovery and conquest, as that which the opening of the New World initiated. Kings strove for provinces as children quarrel for their nursery toys, and with less regard for the distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*.

Throughout the middle ages, European nations had known but little of each other. Their energies found full scope within the limits of their own dominions. The people were factious and turbulent; the barons and nobility at once powerful and proud, and kings and emperors had need of all their resources for the maintenance of something like a central power. Just when this power had become permanent and acknowledged, when a national feeling was strongly developed, when the nations knew each other as one family; and, like the members of many smaller families, were watching one another with more of jealousy than of brotherly love, when an external national policy was developed, America was discovered. Here was opened a new and unbounded field for rivalry, and the nations entered readily upon the arena. We, who know the result of their efforts and contests, can find its germ in two main springs of action. First, there was the peculiar gain which each hoped from foreign acquisitions; and second, national rivalry. Had there been but one nation upon the face of the globe, the sense of private advantage might have moved that one. Had no advantage been hoped, competition might have drawn the many. Undoubtedly the anticipation of gain, in some form, was in every case the strongest motive; and rivalry was increased, though not originated, by this selfishness.

But the nations relied for superiority abroad upon their strength at home,

and ignored the fact that the spirit in which their acquisitions were made would, of itself, determine their permanency. Most prominent among the powers that strove to grasp America as an appanage, were France and England. The elements of their national character are strongly portrayed in those chapters of history that open, that relate, and that close, their parallel career in the New World.

The French were strongly influenced by religious zeal. France, it is true, sent into the field many skilful navigators and bold pioneers. Jacques Cartier, Champlain and De Monts, are among the many brave men whose names are written on the rugged highlands, on the rapid streams, and the cold still waters of the north; emblems of the strong hearts, the resistless enthusiasm of their lives; and of the quiet sleep in which life closes; more lasting than the records of man, for nature keeps them. France, too, granted large patents of lands to her merchants and fur-trading companies; and, to serve her people in a double way, sent out a great many convicts to colonize the Canadas. But it was to the religious fervor of her Jesuit priests that France owed the claim to her widest domains. They sought to Christianize the country by the conversion of its natives, rather than by peopling it anew; and chose lands where dwelt the largest and most powerful tribes, rather than those most favorable to immediate settlement and colonization. While other adventurers carefully drew the lines of division and defence, between themselves and the aborigines, and the advance of the whites was marked by the retreat of the red men; they merged themselves at once in the native population, and grew by affiliation instead of conquest. Starting from the outermost military posts established by their countrymen, they ascended the St. Lawrence to the chain of great lakes, planting missions along the shores, and sending their missionaries into the adjacent country. In 1673 Marquette and Joliet, French priests, crossed from the lakes to the upper waters of the Mississippi, then unknown, and descended that river below the point where it receives the Arkansas. In 1682 De La Salle, tracing anew the route thus first opened, descended the river to the Gulf of Mexico. The combined courage and mildness of the French won confidence with the natives, who otherwise had known the whites only as marauders. Military posts followed missions, and, early in the eighteenth century, French stations, scattered at intervals through the west and along the great lakes and rivers, connected the mouths of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. The English settlements were of a more permanent nature. After the excitement attending the discovery of the continent had in a measure abated, and experience had reduced fanciful notions of a golden world a little nearer to the standard of reality, they entered earnestly upon the cultivation of the country, and the reduction of its wilds.

The French would leap at once those gulfs of barbarism that only centuries of physical and mental culture can bridge; and thought to impress Christianity, the final stamp of a perfect civilization, upon a people destitute of its first elements; a race that knew neither mental development nor manual art and industry. The English, more practical, were willing to take America as a reality, and grow to power after the old-fashioned course that nature has prescribed.

Though their claims to possession were no less extravagant, yet they colonized only such territory as they could hold. Slowly and with patient toil they laid the foundation of permanent homes, and engrafted old customs upon a new world.

Thus, in the time of need, France relied upon her allies among the natives, England upon her own sons. At the middle of the eighteenth century England had thriving colonies along the Atlantic coast and in Newfoundland; France had explored, and nominally held, the greater extent of country, and encircled the other colonies with a line of out-posts extending from Cape Breton Island through Canada, and downward through the centre of the continent to the Gulf of Mexico. Up to this time the wars between England and France had originated in causes foreign to colonial interests; and though they brought much suffering to America, their result had not materially changed the extent of their respective possessions.

The peace of Ryswick, in 1697, and the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, had slightly lessened the colonial possessions of France. By the former she relinquished the eastern moiety of Newfoundland; and by the latter, England gained supremacy in the fisheries, the possession of Hudson's Bay, of Newfoundland and Acadia. In 1744 commenced the war that, with but one intermission, settled the question of supremacy in the New World; and which, while it extended wherever the two nations met, from Madras to the Mississippi, yet had in America its bloodiest battle-ground. Colonies were taken, exchanged and retaken; and through years of destructive exertions the result remained doubtful.

In 1759 Quebec was taken, and by that battle, which ended the lives but immortalized the names of Wolfe and Montcalm, France lost America. By the treaty of Paris, ratified in February, 1763, England received from France all her American possessions, with but one exception; and of that exception, as it stands at the present day, the following is a brief account. If the prelude has been long, and descends to an insignificant scene, we must remember that in the great drama of facts, whereof the present is but a meagre outline, the prelude embraced years of heroic enterprise and of bitter war, and the descent from a continent to a barren island was more marked. The efforts at colonization that were ended by the treaty of 1763, well illustrate the trite adage: '*Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus.*' To the many who know the former extent of the colonies upon this continent that owed allegiance to France, and the many others who know not that a single settlement now claims her protection, we offer the following description of Saint Pierre and Miquelon, the last of the French colonies in North-America.

About nine miles from the southern coast of Newfoundland, and nearly midway between Capes Race and Ray, lie three small islands: St. Pierre and Great and Little Miquelon. The first-named has a length of some four and one half miles, and varies in width from one to two. North-westerly, and at a distance of three miles from this, are the islands of Miquelon. Within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, these two islands were distinct and separate, but are now connected by a low bar. The larger of the two, which rejoices

in the descriptive prefix, Grand, is something more than twice the size of St. Pierre, which has for inhabitants only a few fishermen, and nothing that fairly deserves the name of town. In a word, they are the territory whereof St. Pierre is the metropolis. The metropolis more especially demands attention. The island of St. Pierre rises several hundred feet from the ocean, and at most points of approach is precipitous; every where rugged and uninviting. At a little distance it shows itself a solid mass of rock, regular in outline, but high and barren: and a nearer approach shows what might be a most desirable spot for voluntary or compulsory hermitage. At the south-western extremity, it slopes more gradually toward the sea, and offers a possible though not a promising site for a settlement. At this point there is a deep recess in the coast, and a little island, standing some forty rods from the shore, divides the bay, and by the shelter it affords, helps to form a safe and convenient roadstead. This solitary little rock frowns upon intruders with its battery of some half-dozen guns, and is designated as *Isle de Chiens*. The lovers of appropriate nomenclature may trace the origin of this title to the station that its owner fills as watch-dog of the harbor, or may consider it a compliment paid to the old sea-dogs who there have their homes. Rounding the eastern point of this little ocean gem, the full glories of the metropolis are revealed. It shows no gilded minarets or diamond turrets. Though east, even to the jumping-off place, it has nothing of Oriental magnificence. Enchantment itself, in such a place, could bestow little beyond bare existence. In the deepest recess of the shore is the town. Some four hundred buildings seem to have rolled down the hill-side, and to have been, as it were, dammed up near the water's edge. Here they are fronted by store-houses of considerable size, close behind which they are, for some distance, compactly crowded; while, as the town recedes toward the highland that forms its western limits, they are more sparsely scattered. The buildings are wooden, mostly of but one story in height, and of that very fashionable style of architecture, not noticed by Ruskin, called common. Such as are adorned with paint are yellow and brown, while the remainder owe their peculiar hue to storms, fog and sunshine. In the heart of the village, the uniformity of size and color is relieved by one large white house, and several spacious brick buildings. The first of these is the Governor's residence; and of the latter are the gendarmerie, hospital and marine store-house. No trees vary the monotony of vision, and only two spires, of very moderate aspirations, look down on their unpretending neighbors. The town rests in the lap of a crescent, whose horns bound the harbor. On the outer side, toward the ocean, is *Isle de Chiens*, which at ebb-tide is nearly united with St. Pierre by shoals, and whose shore is covered with the same low dark houses, and lined with numerous little sail-boats, drawn up on rollers or resting quietly upon the water. Upon the other side of the harbor the hill rises abruptly, and at the height of some fifty feet, leaves a level ledge of sufficient width for a single street. For a distance of nearly a mile from the town, this street is bordered upon the west by dwellings, and on its lower side toward the water, by the more pretentious store-houses, that seem set as examples for the little ones to emulate and grow to. Higher up on the steep

hill-side are the flakes upon which the people dry and cure their fish: at once the ornament and the work-house of the town. Unlike the long tables of brush, or platforms overlaid with poles, that in other localities where cod abound serve a like purpose, these are of stone. They are arranged in rectangular plats, in dimensions from two to ten rods square, and like gardens, are intersected by neat paths. Small streams of water from the hill above, guided in convenient channels, do service to the laborer. The surface is covered with large flat stones that with their varied hues form a coarse mosaic, which from a little distance strikes the eye not unpleasantly. These stone flakes are said to be superior, in this locality at least, to the more common structure of brush, as from their situation on the hill-side they receive and retain the sun's heat.

Such is the aspect of the island and town, as seen from the harbor. If distance fails to lend enchantment, it surely does no injustice. A more intimate acquaintance gives precision to first impressions, without altering them. The island is but a mass of rock, disjointed and irregularly thrown together. It is covered with a dark and damp but meagre soil, that nourishes only mosses, scanty grapes, alder bushes and dwarfed firs. From this want of vegetable wealth, it follows that there are neither manufactures nor agriculture. The houses are built from imported wood, and if their inmates indulge in a beef-steak or roast, they owe it to the pastures of Cape Breton and Prince Edward Islands.

There are no green fields or quiet gardens to walk or dream in; no stately trees to hold converse with; no pleasant drives for friends or lovers. Indeed he is a wealthy landed proprietor who can collect from the rocks soil sufficient to grow a few cabbages and peas; and the town contains but three half-grown horses, and twice the number of emaciated cows. Goats, however, seem to thrive among the rocky heights, and suffice both for family-pets and milk-giving kine. At evening you may see the *mater-familias* milking the dam just at or within the cottage-door, while the husband smokes his pipe near by. Yet, in this barren spot, the elders show as great content, and the children play as cheerfully, as in more favored homes.

The arrangement of the town conforms with the wants of its people. They keep no carriages, and so have no broad roads. The streets are mere lanes, and run wherever convenience leads, regardless of uniformity and of rocky obstacles. There is one fine broad way, that leads westerly from the town a distance of two miles. Route Iphigénie is the work of different companies of soldiers, that from time to time have garrisoned St. Pierre. To them it has given a vent for martial ardor against a most unyielding enemy: and to the people, a fashionable promenade. The town contains some two thousand permanent inhabitants. With but few exceptions, they are French, and are wholly devoted to the fisheries. Indeed the all-pervading essence of fish would savor ill to any but most ardent devotees. Of these two thousand, more than one half are fishermen, tillers of the salt sea soil. The other moiety is composed of merchants and traders, engaged indirectly in fishing, but directly interested in its proceeds. The fishing-season extends from the first of merry May to the middle of shady September. During this season the laborers

gather their scaly harvest far from home. Three hundred large sail-boats are owned in the town. Each boat usually has two proprietors, who employ assistants for their voyages from among the people. These boats mostly frequent the St. Peter's Banks that lie south-west from the island, or fish along the western coast of Newfoundland, where the French Government retains under treaty full rights in the fisheries. At the close of the season they dispose of their freights to the merchants, for goods and supplies; fortunate if they can balance old debts and get but a few shillings of money. For those who have money, the numerous *maisons de pension*, with their cheap wines, afford winter's amusement; while such as have none, can join the great fraternity that nurse the dreary present with visions of a brighter future that never comes. Three hundred larger vessels come annually from France, and bring six thousand men. These make St. Pierre their station, give trade to the merchants, business to the courts and lawyers, and excitement to the town at large. In the fall they return to France and take back their cargoes of fish.

The greater part of the traders deal mostly in small wares, and are by no means merchant-princes. A few houses, however, absorb nearly all the profits that grow from the local fisheries, and frequently amass large fortunes. The French Government encourages her fishermen by a large bounty, ten francs per quintal; in itself nearly as much as our market value of the same fish. This bounty is intended for the actual catchers. They, however, generally attach themselves to some trading-house, get from it their outfits and supplies, and give in return the result of their year's labor. The merchants receive the fish at their own prices, get the bounty and export them. They sell their goods, too, at such prices as keep the fishermen constantly in debt. Indeed, it is a most fortunate season that will balance the laborer's account. Only one foreign house is allowed on the island. This is conducted by the American consul and the vice-consul his partner, an intelligent English gentleman. We saw on the island but few old men, and no grave-yard: the latter must somehow have escaped our attention, as it is hardly possible that the patron saint either grants his children perpetual youth, or admits them bodily through Heaven's gate. Whoever engages in these fisheries and has right to the bounties, is liable to be drafted for the French navy. During the war in the Crimea, St. Pierre was nearly depopulated under this regulation. Thus the natives mostly grow gray in their country's service, and find graves in a softer soil than that which gave them birth.

There is a certain charm of age and oddity about this island, else so uninviting. The trading classes are, in sound and fact, the mesne lords, perhaps lords paramount, of the lower order. They walk the streets with an air of conscious dignity, and at evening whisper perhaps as enchanting-love tales to the simple maidens of St. Peter's ton, in their promenades between the fish-flakes, as courtlier French gallants, in more fragrant gardens, have told to brilliant ladies. The short and clumsy fishermen, with their weather-hardened faces and uncouth dress, who chat in squads at the house-doors or beside their boats, carry our thoughts back to those ante-revolutionary times, when the hungered and toil-worn peasants of France sat in the twilight by the village

fountain, and never asked why they were poor. There is a music in the clattering of their wooden shoes over the stony road that smacks of a century gone by. Musing after this manner, we asked some question in very poor French of a woman standing at her cottage-door—the inhabitants of St. Pierre, by the way, from force of constant intercourse between the island and the home government, speak good French, far different from that of the Canadians. To our surprise, she answered in rough and healthy English, and by way of explanation, said: ‘I am a Newfoundlander.’ The romance was gone. There needed not to dispel it, the additional statement that there were several such upon the island, that they often married and came to live there. A Newfoundlander! None such could ever dwell in a land of fancy. The concomitants of whiskey and seal-skins are too tangible and common-place to consist with romance. Who ever put a Newfoundlander in his Utopia, or peopled his air-castles with Blue Noses?

St. Pierre has a political as well as social entity. The duties of state devolve upon a governor and four councilmen, who share the legislative, executive and judicial functions; the governor being president of the council, ex-officio. They are all appointed and paid by the Home Department. The present executive incumbent is a French count; and in personal appearance and deportment, a handsome and polished gentleman. This appointment is considered a stepping-stone to some higher position. Courts are held upon the island by an inferior and a superior judge. Criminal causes are tried with a jury, and from the decision there is no appeal. The jury is composed of seven members; a number anomalous, both in English and Continental law. In accordance with the code of France, a binding verdict may be found by a majority of the jurymen. Unanimity is not required. The people are quiet and peaceable in their habits; but during that portion of the year when the town is crowded with strangers, frequent breaches of the peace call for the interposition of law. Civil actions are tried before the judge alone, and from his decision there is an appeal to the Courts of France.

There are several schools in the town, supported by the Government and by tuition fees.

Thus live the people of St. Pierre, enjoying but few of society’s amenities, subjects to few of its burdens. If they know little of physical or intellectual luxury, they know as little of burdensome taxes, and the bitterness of religious or political controversy. They recognize the divisions of family, Church, and State; and conform to the requirements of each. For the advantages of an equable government, they yield but few personal rights: and in truth, they can afford to spare but few. Under their code, too, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are inviolate. The two former they have; the last they can at option pursue, with as good prospect of success as the best of us. They are brothers in that great fraternity whose being is but to ‘eat, drink, toil, tremble, laugh, weep, sleep and die;’ and though life furnishes but scanty material for the fulfilment of the two first functions, they have unrivalled facilities for the creditable performance of the others.

The contrast between this colony and the American possessions of France

one hundred years ago, is indeed striking. But with diminution of territory has come diminution of outlay and anxiety. She has a station sufficient for the protection of her fisheries, and despite its insignificance, the rumor that St. Pierre was being strongly garrisoned, has at times caused no little disgust among its provincial neighbors. During the late Italian war, when the armies of France were in the field and England was an anxious spectator, the people of the British-American provinces bandied tales of large deposits of coal upon Miquelon, and surmises of the desperate attempts for which this was a provision, with all the whispered curiosity that mention of Kidd's buried treasure was wont of old to arouse. Perhaps what France and her kings have abated in length of reach, they have gained in tenacity of grasp. Students of political economy, in the future may determine.

MY QUEEN-BEE.

You plucked that prairie-rose, with hushed delight,
 And drank its wine-like odors with a smile;
 A bee, half-drunken with its sweets, the while,
 Shook out its lazy wings,
 And buzzed away, at leisure, out of sight.

I watched its flight, then looked at you, and said:
 Sure she is like a bee, for all the day
 She rifles life's rare flowers along her way:
 Inhales their hidden sweets,
 Till with all forms of beauty she is wed.

The bee o'erladen with its stolen spoils,
 Flies slowly homeward with the setting sun;
 Counts o'er its treasures when the day is done,
 And then presents its gifts:
 'T is not for self, but others, that it toils.

She has no home, and so her garnered sweets
 Are lavished thoughtlessly, as free as air,
 On the unfeeling crowd, who scarcely care
 To bless her for them: I
 Follow afar off, up and down the streets.

Come near to me a moment, Maud, queen-bee:
 May my heart be your home for evermore?
 And may I share with you this precious store,
 Life's honey and your love?
 This hand, my answer. Then you do love me?

J. H. ELLIOT.

THE LEGEND OF VIOLANTE.

BY OLIVER S. LELAND.

I.

SHE was the daughter of Palma, she the beautiful Violante. And when the fifteenth spring-time was blooming on her cheek, the painter bowed himself before his daughter, as before an image of the Virgin Mary, Queen of Angels.

'Violante! Violante!' thus spoke the painter to his daughter; 'fair lily, who hast blossomed in the sun-light of my love, thy glory in this world shall be incomparable: the Virgin that I am to paint for the old Church of the Redemption, shall be thy faithful image, my beauteous Violante; for thou art the image of those holy ones who live in heaven where God is. For the golden hue of thy fair hair has fallen from the heavens like a soft ray of love; for the light which is shining from thine eyes is that celestial flame which the angels kindle on their silver tripods.'

II.

AND speaking thus, the painter took his pallet and painted for the glory of his art and for the glory of his God.

The Virgin, which beneath the painter's magic touch soon grew into life on the panel of cedar-wood in the old Church of the Redemption, was a marvel of truth, a master-piece all radiant with love.

And when the picture was done, Violante sped away like a frightened bird, and went to sing her song. She, like all the daughters of Eve, was born to love. GOD HIMSELF, who loves youth in its wild gambols, strews fragrant roses in the path of Magdalen the sinning.

III.

AND as Violante was singing her song with her clear, pure voice, the painter Titian and his friend Giorgione passed by.

'I pray thee, Master Titian,' thus spoke Giorgione, 'seest thou yon beauteous maiden? Would but such damsels deign to visit my studio, what master-pieces would fall from my pencil. What a chaste and noble Diana the Huntress! What a Venus all living with life and love!'

'Would she come to my studio,' said Titian, all in emotion, 'I would fall on my knees before her, and I would break my pencils.'

Violante went to the studio of Titian. He did not break his pencils; but after breathing with her the intoxicating perfumes of the dawn of love, he painted her with flowers in her hand, more beautiful than the most beautiful.

IV.

GIORGIONE came to see this portrait; but Titian in his jealous love, concealed both the picture and his mistress.

Long time lived he in the savory mystery of this passion, dazzling as the sun-beam, and fresh as the morning dew.

One day — pity the daughter of Palma the Old — Titian exhibited the portrait of his love. All the world seeing it, loved her, but did he love her still?

And having smiled on the Venetians through the eyes and by the lips of her he loved, Titian drunk with fame — pity Palma the old who never more shall see his daughter in the Virgin of the old Church of the Redemption: Titian changed Violante into Venus rising from the sea, draped with transparent waves.

V.

ART had stifled Love. Violante was so beautiful that she consoled herself in her beauty: her kingdom was of this world, and here she reigned unrivalled.

But one evening, at the vesper hour, she entered the old Church of the Redemption, and the throng that beheld her entering therein cried out: 'Behold Violante, who has mistaken the door!'

Inhaling the perfumes of the censer, she fell kneeling before an altar, where her father had often come to pray. The deep-toned organ burst forth in praises to the Most High; the fair young daughters of Venice chaunted with their silvery voices the hymn to the angels.

Violante raised her eyes, those eyes which had been lighted by every profane passion.

VI.

HER glance fell upon the picture of the Virgin, the purest, the noblest, the most adorable that was in the old Church of the Redemption.

'Holy Mary, Mother of God,' she softly murmured, 'pray for me! pray for me!' and lowly and meekly she bowed her head upon the altar.

She was moved even unto tears by the beauty of the Virgin, which seemed to be created from a smile of God.

'Alas! they tell me I am beautiful! It is another of Love's fictions. Beauty! behold it there in all its brilliancy and with a ray of heaven.'

A souvenir came to agitate her heart, a vague remembrance, a gleam of lightning breaking through the cloud.

VII.

'WHEN I was young,' she said, contemplating the picture of the Virgin; 'when I was sixteen —'

She fell fainting on the marble floor. This Virgin, which was painted in a field of gold and azure, this was the Virgin of Palma the Old.

Violante had recognized herself therein.

'O God!' she exclaimed, repressing her tears, 'why have you permitted this metamorphosis?'

She, Violante the beautiful, who but the night before had thought herself so fair as the mirror of Murano had reflected her peerless form, she concealed her face as if she had seen therein all the horrors of her many wanderings.

VIII.

SHE arose and quitted the church, inhaling with a sombre pleasure the bitter odor of the tomb.

Where did she go? It was the season when the vine-branch unveils its most golden riches.

She met Paul Veronese, who crowned her with the first golden grapes ripened on the shores of the Brenta. 'O my Virgin!' said Palma the Old. 'O my Ideal!' said Giorgione. 'O my Heart-God!' said Titian; but 'O my Bacchante!' said Paul Veronese.

HAIL, daughter of PALMA, VIOLANTE the fair!
Sweet song that TITIAN chaunted till he died:
Thou fairest folly that creation e'er
Sent forth to snare the souls that for thee sighed!

Voluptuous flower! that blooms but to destroy
Each willing victim that becomes thy slave,
Oh! lovely thou as hope's first promised joy
But wanton as the vine-kissed Brenta's wave.

Beneath that snowy brow burn passion fires,
Though heavenly hues are ever in thine eye,
And in thy bosom hide the pale desires
That seem to sleep, but ever lurking lie.

Child of the antique and the Renaissance!
Hope of the new gods! souvenir of the old!
We idolize, adore each burning glance
In which Venetian love is taught and told.

How dazzling bright thy silken locks depend
From brow and arching neck, whose marble seems
To kiss the clustering curls which lightly lend
The glittering shoulder's snow their golden gleams.

From thee drew PALMA his Madonna mild,
And Art's sons seek thy shrine from every shore;
TITIAN made hers *thy* face, who undefiled
Gave sin its SAVIOUR, CHRIST, whom all adore.

Lovely but fallen! for a moment cold,
Then fierce as madness' fires can flame; oh! tell
If such a tale may e'er in truth be told
Why nature formed thee fit for heaven or hell?

Is it that heart and soul must harmonize,
Blending the good and bad where'er they be?
Thou dost not answer; and my bosom sighs
In vain to solve the mighty mystery.

Deep in the liquid diamonds of thine eyes
Thy soul in silence shrines thy TITIAN's name,
Bright as the gold, 't is said, that from the skies
He filched to gild thy heritage of fame.

And yet live in their light the rosy rays,
 The flashing prisms, and e'en his pallet's flowers,
 To witch the world, while magic genius plays
 Its proper part, with nature's other powers.

Yes, thanks to thee! he realized his dreams;
 But more thy heart the peerless painter prized
 Than all the fame that stern Ambition seems
 To seek in vain, while Love's immortalized.

'OH! REASON NOT THE NEED.'

INSCRIBED TO J. F. KENSETT

BY R. S. CHILTON.

THERE are, my friend, who deem thine art
 An idle task: 'What use,' they cry,
 'Serves any canvas counterpart
 Of wood and stream, of earth and sky?'

They in the many-centuried tree
 Find naught but store of useful wood:
 Alone a waste of power they see
 In green Niagara's thunderous flood.

But Nature gives us not alone
 That which we eat and drink and wear:
 Her hospitable board doth groan
 With other than substantial fare.

The bow that spans the billowy mist
 The headlong cataract sends up;
 The wild-flower ere the sun hath kissed
 The sparkling dew-drop from its cup;

The clouds that upward trail the light
 From the red sun-set's cistern drawn;
 The silvery ones that haunt the night,
 And, ghost-like, vanish at the dawn;

Heaven's wide blue arch with lights o'erstrewn —
 The starry mantle of the earth:
 What need of these, if *use* alone
 Stamps nature's gifts with sterling worth?

L O R D B A C O N .

 BY HON. JOHN W. EDMONDS.

THE increasing interest in the fame and the works of this greatest of modern philosophers, speaks well for the age in which it is breaking forth. A new edition of his works has been lately published by Longman and Company in London, and we have now before us a copy of his *Essays*, with annotations by Archbishop Whately: published by Crosby, Nichols, Lee and Company of Boston in 1861, deserving the highest praise for the justice therein done to the subject. This edition is a very creditable one, and can well vie with that of Longman and Company, which has been characterized in London as 'princely.' We avail ourselves of the opportunity thus afforded us to say a few words of the man who is, as it were, just beginning to be appreciated.

As Shakspeare was almost unknown until Milton brought him into notice, and Milton quite so until Addison, in the '*Spectator*,' spread his beauty and sublimity before the general gaze: so Bacon has had to wait for the 'next ages' to make his merits known. And even now, when his works are acquiring their just estimation, his character as a man is the subject of great dispute.

While Lord Chancellor, he was impeached for corruption in office, and out of that has grown the stain upon his character. Pope spoke of him as the

'Wisest, brightest, meanest' of mankind.'

Hume, amid his laudation of his genius, speaks of Bacon's own 'consciousness of his guilt.' Macaulay, in his essays, is savagely severe alike on his character and his philosophy; and the present Lord-Chancellor of England, in his '*Lives of the Chancellors*'—as amusing as they are gossiping and superficial—receives, without question, all the imputations cast upon him by party virulence, which raged with a violence unknown in any other period of English history.

On the other hand, Ben Jonson, who was his cotemporary, was to the last an admirer of him; and Shakspeare was his companion and friend. Archbishop Tennison, who was a cotemporary of his age, was his defender; and Rushworth, in his *Historical Collections* of the time, speaks of him as a 'learned peer, eminent over the Christian world for his many writings;' and 'his decrees were generally made with so much equity, never any made by him was reversed as unjust.'

It cannot be unprofitable to spend a moment in the inquiry which of these judgments is the just one; the more especially as our readers will share with us in our regrets, if we are compelled to unite in the moral condemnation of one whose sentiments are so elevating, and whose philosophy is so profound that he is almost universally regarded as the greatest philosopher that thirty centuries have produced.

He was born in January, 1560. In 1607 he was appointed Solicitor-General. In 1612 he became Attorney-General. He became Lord-Keeper in 1616, and Lord-Chancellor in 1618. Knighted in 1603, and created Baron of Verulam in 1618, he became Viscount St. Albans in 1619.

In 1621 he was impeached by the House of Commons for receiving presents from suitors. He surrendered his office of Chancellor, and was convicted by the House of Lords and sentenced to a fine of forty thousand pounds, to imprisonment during the King's pleasure, and to incapacity to hold any other office or to sit in Parliament.

A proposition to deprive him of his peerage, which would have involved a conviction of moral guilt, was defeated by the united vote of the Bishops, and his sentence was confined to the political delinquency. He was committed to the Tower, but released after two days' confinement. The fine was remitted, the other penalties ultimately removed, and after five years of private life, devoted to literary pursuits, he died in March, 1625.

So entirely was the judgment pronounced upon his impeachment reversed or released, that on the accession of Charles the First in 1625, he was summoned to take his seat in the House of Lords, but was prevented by ill-health; and during the interval that elapsed between his degradation from office and his death, he was more honored by foreigners than any man in England, and so even by his own countrymen, that on one occasion when he was met with a train of people following him, Prince Charles was constrained to say: 'Well, do what we can, this man scorns to go out like a snuff.'

When the charges were first preferred against him, he determined to defend himself, and so announced to the King and to the House of Lords. But the King sought a private interview with him, and after that interview Bacon abandoned his defence and pleaded guilty. It is out of that confession that the casual reader of history draws his reason for condemning him, but unjustly it is supposed, for there is good reason to believe that yielding to the importunity of the King, he made a voluntary sacrifice of himself to save the master to whom he owed his elevation. His confession and his fall, then, instead of demonstrating his guilt, may well be regarded as lofty evidence of a generous devotion of himself to a sense of duty and the obligations of gratitude.

Let us see if facts warrant this conclusion. Let us see if the man, whose piety was as fervent as it was unpretending, whose whole life was distinguished for kindness, courteousness and humanity, who was eminently disinterested amid corruption and intrepid amid all-pervading servility, and who is styled by historians 'the glory and ornament of his age and nation,' was the victim of a paltry vice or of splendid virtue — suffered in just expiation of misconduct or as a willing sacrifice to an exalted sense of duty.

His father was Lord-Keeper under Elizabeth, an office which performs the duties of Chancellor when that office is vacant. His uncle, Lord Burleigh, was Elizabeth's Prime Minister. His cousin, Sir Robert Cecil, was her Secretary of State; and he was himself such a favorite with the Queen, that in his boyhood she called him her 'young Lord Keeper.'

The tendency of his early years was to a life of study, but his father's

death and the fortune of a younger son compelled him to select some profession. He chose that of the law, and turned his attention to politics as the means of rising to distinction. He little dreamed of his own powers as a philosopher, but followed the bent which early association had given his mind toward public life.

During Elizabeth's reign, however, he was doomed to disappointment. The Cecils pronounced him too much of a wit to be a statesman, and the Queen had taken offence at the freedom with which as a Member of Parliament he had advocated reform. And it is worthy of remark in passing, that that speech was translated in France and greatly admired there, and was doubtless the foundation-stone of the French Code, while in England it has as yet borne but little fruit, though admitted by all instructed minds to have been profoundly wise and far-reaching. *Festina lente* is too much the habit of English institutions to allow as yet an adoption of his suggestions, even though advocated by a Brougham.

In the reign of James the First, however, he still persisted in his pursuit of official station; and it was not until he made his power felt as a Member of Parliament that his cousin, Sir Robert Cecil, then become Earl of Salisbury and Lord Treasurer, permitted the way to be opened to him. Thenceforth his rise was rapid. He soon outstripped his great rival Coke, and enjoyed the confidence of the King beyond every one, except the unworthy favorite Buckingham. For more than twenty years he had struggled against disappointment, and when the darling object of his pursuit was obtained in the highest position which a subject could occupy, his gratitude to the King, to the Prince and to Buckingham was ardently expressed and—for there was no hypocrisy in him—it was as strongly felt.

The Cecils were right. He was not fitted to be a politician in a corrupt and turbulent age. He was too unselfish, too confiding, too sensitive. And while with him gratitude was an abiding principle, working itself into his very being, he never dreamed that they whom he was faithfully serving with a genius that

‘A gleam around their nothingness cast,’

could cast him off and whistle him down the wind. The fate of Strafford, sacrificed by the succeeding monarch, came too late to be a warning to him. He was destined, however, to have the sincerity of his gratitude put to the test. The King had an interview with him; the records of the House of Lords show that. Before that interview he had determined on a defence. After that interview he abandoned that defence. He has left us no account of what then passed between him and the selfish pedagogue who filled the throne. Among his papers were some which never saw the light—papers which his chaplain described as ‘touching matters of estate which tread too near the heels of truth and to the times of the persons concerned’—which he committed to the care of others, with injunctions that ‘they should be preserved but not divulged, as touching too much on persons or matters of state,’ and which it would not do to give to the world as long as the Stuarts reigned. But long afterward and late in life, one who had been intrusted with the

secret, darkly hints at what then passed by telling us what Bacon said. 'Now, though my Lord saw his approaching ruin, and told his Majesty there was little hopes of mercy in a multitude where his enemies were to give fire, if he did not plead for himself; *yet such was his obedience to him from whom he had his being*, that he resolved his majesty's will should be his only law, and so took leave of him with these words: Those that will strike at your Chancellor it is much to be feared will strike at your crown, and wished that as he was then the first, so he might be the last of these sacrifices.'

But there has lately, and only during 1860, come to light an important item of evidence on this subject. It must be borne in mind that the interview that Bacon had with the King was in April, 1621, just before he withdrew his defence. James died in March, 1625. In March, 1623, Bacon wrote to Conway, First Secretary of State, as follows:

'GOOD MR. SECRETARY: When you did me the honor and favor to visit me, you did not only in general terms express your love unto me, but as a real friend asked me whether I had any particular occasion wherein I might make use of you. At that time I had none; now there is one fallen. It is that Mr. Thomas Murray, Provost of Eton, (whom I love very well,) is like to die. It were a pretty cell for my fortune. The college and school I do not doubt but I shall make to flourish. His Majesty, when I waited on him, took notice of my wants, and *said to me that as he was a king he would have care of me*. This is a thing some body must have, and costs his Majesty nothing. I have written two or three words to his Majesty which I would pray you to deliver. I have not expressed this particular to his Majesty, but referred it to your relation. My most noble friend the Marquis is now absent. Next to him, I could not think of a better address than to yourself as one likeliest to put on his affections. I rest your very affectionate friend,

'*Gray's Inn, 25 March, 1623.*

FRANCIS ST. ALBANS.'

There is corroborative evidence of this elsewhere, as will appear in the sequel. But from this who can doubt to what motive it is just to attribute the withdrawal of his defence? On the one hand, we have but to believe Bacon capable of the lofty virtue of sacrificing himself from a principle of gratitude; and all his life and his writings are consistent with the idea of his being equal to such a flight. And on the other, we are to adopt the paradox—which sounds well enough in an epigram, but will stand no test of common-sense—that he who is the 'wisest and brightest' can also be the 'meanest' of mankind! Nay! that is not the only inconsistency we are to run a tilt with.

That Bacon did receive presents from suitors, is undoubtedly true. Now, if that was from the base love of money, then he was the 'mean' man the poet paints him. But if it was because such was the custom of his age and of ages long before him, and in compliance with the idea not yet wholly abandoned even with us, that the suitor ought to be at the expense of settling his controversies, then it was no fault of his, but of his time: it was what he called it, *vitia temporis*, not *vitia hominis*.

But Bacon retired from office poorer than when he went in. All the emi-

nent lawyers of the time were rich except Bacon. Coke was one of the richest commoners in England, and *he* was penurious, for it is said he refused to pay Buckingham ten thousand pounds for the office of Chancellor, but by servility and not bribery restored himself to court favor and a seat in the Privy Council.

Coke by servility, and Popham by corruption, made themselves rich, yet Bacon remained poor, and that when he had enjoyed all the chances they had, for he had served the government fourteen years, when such service could be a sure passport to wealth.

Buckingham, by servility, became Lord-Admiral and a Duke. Montague gave twenty thousand pounds for the office of Treasurer, and was created Earl of Manchester and Lord Privy Seal. They escaped unscathed. Bacon had neither servility nor money to offer, and he fell a sacrifice, and was succeeded by one who made up in servility to the favorite all of Bacon's short-comings.

While in Parliament he was ever the advocate of reform, well knowing how he perilled his advancement, and that he actually did retard it for twenty years, when he as well knew that with his talents and a sufficient complaisance he could command it at pleasure. All accounts agree that he was not avaricious, grasping, or a lover of money. He gave up stations, yielding an annual emolument of seven thousand eight hundred pounds for a salary of nine hundred and eighteen pounds and fifteen shillings. In his letter to the House of Lords he said he 'was never noted for an avaricious man.' Rushworth, the annalist of the time, says: 'He was known to be no admirer of money.' Sergeant Crowe, on the trial of Wraynham for libelling the Lord Chancellor, said: 'You cannot traduce him of corruption, for thanks be to God! he hath always despised riches.'

Bacon valued a good name above all earthly things. In the Essay on Honor and Reputation now before us, he says: 'There is an honor likewise which may be ranked among the greatest, which happeneth rarely, that is, of such as sacrifice themselves to death or danger for the good of their country.'

He is represented by Chalmers as distinguished in private life for 'the gentleness and affability of his deportment,' and in public life for 'independence of mind and intrepidity in the discharge of his duty. And by Hume as 'universally admired for the greatness of his genius, and beloved for the courteousness and humanity of his behavior.' And yet we are to believe that this man was guilty of the paltry vice of accepting bribes of a few hundred pounds! and was, as Hume says, conscious of his guilt! At all events, the question is before us, was his fall the consequence of a paltry vice, involving the most unreflecting selfishness or of exalted virtue, devoting himself to the principle of gratitude?

There is yet much more to be said on this subject — much more proof than can be adduced to substantiate our views. Perhaps we may recur to the topic again. In the mean time, we close this paper with a remark we have encountered in our reading. 'His fall was the tale of a great public revolution. It is the story of the passage of a whole people from one moral state to another; of the sickness and death of a most ancient system of government;

of the birth and inauguration of a new political life ; ' and it may be added that it was the birth of a new truth, and truth is ever born with many a bitter pang, and most to him who gives it birth.

P. S. : While writing this paper, we have met with a series of articles in the *London Athenæum* on this subject, to which we are indebted for some thoughts and for the letter to Secretary Conway. In one respect we differ with the writer of those articles. He attributes the fall of Bacon to the malice of Coke and the complicity of Buckingham. We cannot think so. No doubt the enmity of Coke, who was then a Member of Parliament, gave direction and force to the attack, but that alone, or even aided by the coöperation of Buckingham, could not have worked the result. Parliament was any thing but subservient to the crown or the favorite at that time.

No ! there was something deeper than this. The contest between Protestantism and Romanism, which began in the reign of Henry the Eighth, was not yet ended. The House of Tudor, under the strong rule of Henry and his daughter Elizabeth, and the house of Stuart, under the elder James and Charles, alike asserted the broad doctrine that the Crown was responsible to God alone. Against that idea the Commons of England were waging war to the death. Begun under Henry the Eighth, the conflict terminated only with the flight of James the Second. In the mean time, many engaged in it fell. Sir Giles Mompesson and Sir Francis Michel, Members of Parliament ; Sir Henry Yelverton, Attorney-General ; Lord Treasurer Middlesex, and Lord-Chancellor Bacon, were impeached ; Buckingham was assassinated ; Finch, Lord-Keeper, fled the country and died in exile ; and the Earl of Strafford, Archbishop Laud and Charles the First, were beheaded ; the monarchy was for a while overthrown ; Charles the Second was chased into exile, and the younger James was compelled to abdicate. Bacon was at one time in the front rank of the fight, and so he fell.

But more of that hereafter, if we resume our pen.

'COME UP HITHER.'

I.

DOWNWARD, through the still air falling
From the eternal heights above me,
Comes a voice, so tender calling :
 'Wilt thou not, who fearest, love ME ?
 Come up hither !
 I who died for thee,
 All thy strength will be.
 Come up hither !'

II.

Seems the voice so far above me !
Yet so full of mercy ! Teach me,
Thou divine ONE, if THOU love me,
How in blindness I may reach THREE.
 All this dreary
 Path, which leadeth on,
 Must I tread alone,
 I so weary ?

III.

'Dreary, when the cross doth guide thee,
And thou know'st its wondrous meaning !
Weary, when I walk beside thee,
Thou upon My bosom leaning !
 Alas ! with thee
 Here I dwelt so long,
 Still thou hast not known,
 Hast not *known* ME ?

IV.

'Would'st thou *see* ME, thou who fearful,
Falterest in the march ? Uplifting
To the hills thine eyes, not tearful,
Gird thine armor on ! The rifting
 Clouds shall show thee
 Where thy path doth lead !
 Ah ! thy weeping hid
 Its fair glory !

v.

'For the faithful and victorious,
Out of blindness, wide the portal
Openeth into light, how glorious!
Out of death, to life immortal!
Come up hither!
Fair in this sweet land
The 'many mansions' stand:
Come up hither!'

A. B. C.

FAUNTLEROY VERRIAN'S FATE.

BY HARRIET E. PRESCOTT.

Two years slipped away now, and Fauntleroy had become a citizen of the world in attaining his majority. But no stress of passion, no spasmodic efflux of adoration, such as now and then must sweep over the heart of youth, had conquered his previous determination; his lips were sealed, and it needed perhaps the living coals of the Angel of God to unseal them. It was not, meanwhile, that he had not seen Sara frequently enough to keep his feeling for her at its utmost ardor. He had sat during long services in church, when not needed at the organ, giving worship only to a woman, looking down and absorbing nothing in the whole scene but her placid unconscious beauty. He had watched her standing amid groups of gay friends, the centre of their attentions, the star among them all, and had gone home again afterward to his lonely rooms, full of a certain intense emotion, half-anguish, half-joy, yet never blaming circumstance, and always acknowledging and never regretting what he felt to be his fate. So true it is that while it is voluntary with ourselves we can accept our destiny, but let it become inevitable and irretrievable and no agony equals that of its endurance. Frequently also, in an amateur way, he had stepped aside from the company on some nightly gathering, and, taking a violin, had sent out on the thrilled and answering air strange tuneful thoughts of love and pleased pain, watching her float down the room before the sound, and drawing her, as it were, again up nearer himself with the returning strain. He delighted thus to move her as he chose, in accordance with the rhythm of his fancy; faster and slower as the music rose and fell; now madly whirling in accelerated time down a vista of gay colors; now subsiding lightly, slowly and gently, as flower-down on a sinking breeze. At her companions then he did not glance, for her partners he did not care, he played only for her; had she fainted or departed or sat down, scorning concealment and regardless of appearance, he would have flung away the wand of his compulsion. The attention of which she was in perpetual receipt from other gen-

plemen never troubled him, jealousy was impossible with him, the love which he allowed her he should still feel even if her love forsook him.

But for Sara in all this time, love remained as it was born: full-grown and perfect, unthwarted but retained. She was one of those rare natures whose implicit confidence in God teaches them not only to believe that every thing is for the best, but that the best will happen, that the DIVINE will, fiat, fate, must have its way. And since she felt sure, with a woman's instinct, that love for her was strong as love for him, she believed that their union was yet to be, and waited with the patience of trust. Rarely did she see him now alone, for at her lessons he had gradually accustomed her mother to be present; rarely did they encounter in their walks, but when they did, the mute look that spread from eye to eye answered for the words of a year that some lovers waste.

But what was the use of all this endeavor? Love is a potent strategist, and if he humors your whims it is only to bind his net faster round your turnings.

It came at last that the very atmosphere was laden with invisible beseechings; love like an infection spread upon the four winds of heaven; the stars lettered it over midnight depths; every bare branch of March, every reddening willow copse where all the marsh woods were aflame with the leafless ruddy stems, every cloud in April skies, every sunset of sweet and tender melancholy, told the same story and sang the same strain. Spring, with all its full tides of youth and life and buoyancy, swept and surged across his sensation, in all the growth and renewal of the vigorous year his heart brimmed afresh with love as the sap runs up the bough and longs to burst in blossom. But the more he grew aware of this new strength which his tyrant had assumed, the more closely he sealed his silence. He wandered away from people; he slept in the woods; he passed the long cool nights rocking in his boat at the harbor's mouth, when the waves combed in at either side white through the darkness, and filling the purple vaults of sky with thunder-tones of harmony; he spent day after day, without rest and without food, beating out an answering and repeating tumult from the great church-organ. Perpetual pictures descended and hung before his eyes, in which he still saw Sara as she flashed by him, a vision of morning with her cavalier galloping at her side; as she sat and sung some air with the whole soul behind her face, suddenly lighting up and shining through it, as she had once impersonated Beatrice, pure, clear, and fair enough for Ary Scheffer's pencil. In vain he found it, as the spring deepened, and the earth warmed itself in glowing suns, to hide his passion; all nature was in unison with it; every murmur of the wind was its assonance, every chorus of the waves its key-note; he saw that unless he yielded it would consume him; he watched the face that sometimes gleamed from the home-window as he passed; that smiled sadly from the Sunday pew, with a new and strange sentiment, one of deep pity; he wondered if she suffered as he suffered: the thought of it flooded his heart and his eyes with tears, and again and again he half rose to go and tell her this wondrous tale to which all the world are born to listen.

But finally the summer vacation was at hand again, and resolved once more and for the last time to attempt freedom, he took a knapsack and departed on foot to pursue those travels which his purse refused him otherwise.

The mountains of New-Hampshire first staid his course, and here, as a step toward breaking his chain probably, he wrote to Sara. He had met her on the evening previous to his journey, and had walked and talked by her side an hour. Yet he said nothing then which he had supposed and half-feared that he should say, and he felt afterward as if his lips were blistered by deceit. This, the first letter he had ever written, was formal and short, and in no very aristocratic penmanship, yet he loitered lovingly over the superscription, and instead of his name signed two or three closely-written bars of music which had to him a deep significance, as Petrarch or Camoëns might have signed with a sonnet; or as Apelles was known by the line he drew. His thoughts by no means flew so freely in this his new manner, and his epistle was not a page long.

Then skirting the lake regions, he sped across the country to Niagara. Here he wrapped himself in the eternal spray, intoned its magnificent harmonies, and in the beryl-like sweep of its broad watery firmament caught the shifting radiance of Loreleys and Undines.

'I go down the St. Lawrence,' he wrote in his other letter. 'We are skilful in our bateaux; my Canadian and I shoot the rapids like arrows. There is such an exhilaration here as plunging Niagara himself might feel. Of Niagara I cannot speak. You shall hear it. Yet I long for the sea, my own sea, above which at sunrise I ever behold a splendid cloud, as if the Shekinah gloriously brooded there over the creation of new worlds.'

Finally, arrived anew at home, he found himself, if advanced an inch, advanced entirely in the wrong direction. Absence had made her dearer than before. Previously it had been himself who was the centre of his thoughts, the reason why he loved, the one he sought to gratify, now it was only she.

It was a week before he sought her, and this week was spent in a closeness of study that left him hardly a moment's thought. He had heard in his absence the great Steyermarkische Band which, inadequate as it was, first illustrated to him a fraction of the orchestral effects that he had imagined and craved. By the free-masonry of art he had penetrated into places that were like the outskirts of enchanted regions, he had found as it were a key to more inner portions of the land toward which he looked. That he must reach Europe he now saw more plainly than ever yet; staff and knapsack must serve him there as they had served him here; a wife then was still impossible; yet now when he had endured two years of abnegation could he at last resign her? The thought gave his feet wings, and he rushed into the open air, launched his boat, and pushed up the river in a tumult of haste and fear.

Sculling against the tide, he entered, almost without directing his course thither, the quiet mouth of a picturesque branch, and continued beneath its willowy banks for a time without a glance around him. Nevertheless, the exceeding calm and rest could not but impart its tone, the shadowy water slipping by, the yellow sunshine flecking vistas of duskier greenery, the cloud-

less tented heavens, all taught him a certain peace. Could he leave her? he repeated; yes, more than that, he answered himself: he could hate her if his art required it. Still he ascended the little stream, and penetrated further the mysteries of nature which this river, above all others, presents to the voyager. A rich forest growth, rustling beech and sombre oak, with feathery elms lightening their dark masses, hides half the sky. The river here, one should say, is a chain of motionless lakes, of pools never brightened by the coming of the Angel, but always resting in soft semi-shadows, one opening into another by invisible paths, and each more beautiful than the last; pools, each so isolated, that when in the bosom of one, you can see no outlet in any direction; but, aided only by the genii of the place, lift the low-hanging bough of some guardian Dryad, and slide into the varied circle of the next. Here some white-stemmed birch sends a perpetual rustle through the slumberous air; here a wild grape-vine climbs from branch to branch; and here a tree reddening early to the Fall shakes its gay mantle in the scattered sun, and with its reflex in the dark deep transparency breaks all the spell of the enchantment, and is, so to speak, a startling dramatic effect of the place.

Now lying in the boat, watching only the dreamy clouds that began to rise; now settling slowly downward with the imperceptible current, and now erect, rapidly proceeding, and gathering every beauty of stream and shore, Fauntleroy floated along, till having ascended two or three miles, he threaded another intricate winding, and suddenly found himself the companion of other half-dozen boats, each brightly trimmed with trophies of travel, and all rocking to the sound of frolicsome laughter and blithe voices from which the huddled echoes fled in troops away.

Foremost in the entanglement, crowned like an Indian nymph in water-lilies, stood Sara, swaying the boat that held her, and making the air melodious with the fragments of her sweet singing, trying trills with the wakened birds upon the boughs, and joining in the cheers of the others as one by one her conquered rivals hid themselves in silence. A hundred others might have been standing in their boats, might have been singing, laughing, cheering, he saw no one but her.

All at once, turning quickly as by intuition, she caught sight of him. A brighter sparkle shot into her eye, and a vivid color disturbed her serene fairness for an instant; in the next she strove vainly to regain her balance, reeled, fell forward, and plunged down the dark stream. He saw the flash of her white garment, the supplication of her sweeping arms and terrified eyes, and leaped after her into death if need be. In a moment he had caught the bending waist, risen to the surface, maintained her while her friends reached strong arms to regain her, and then clambering into his own boat and seizing his oars, he shot beneath the pensile screens, round the bending shore, and out of sight.

What keen delight filled the swift movements as he sped home like the swallow's flight! How he remembered again and again with a wild ecstasy that she was safe! How he gazed in memory, again undisturbed, into the death-like face, caressed all the backward-trailing wet heavy hair, and went seeking far back in the years and months of his life for remembrance of the

sweet clinging of her arm in his that first night when he had led her home. Where was his resolution, his purpose, his cold determined power of sacrifice? He had tried it all, he saw, and found how false he was to himself and his art, and in the instant of her fall had experienced the agony of what life would be without her. Let it be then. Why should he struggle longer against the current? why strive with necessity? He had been weighed in the balance and found wanting; if then, as it seemed, he was not one of those set apart to serve the divine, at least he must yield to the inevitable.

Reaching home, he secured his boat, sought his rooms, and changed his dripping garments; then once more in the street, he strode rapidly forward, entered the so-long forsaken church, and having summoned his attendant, locked the door and ascended to the choir. The afternoon faded away as, vainly striving to calm the inner tumult, he sat over those keys that fit each ward of the soul. The unwatched sunset brimmed the church with glory as it had done a thousand times before, while confused masses of sound bulged themselves up like a wall between the organist and his thoughts. Twilight and star-light emptied into the rising moon, and still the tones surged on. Corelli, Scarlatti, Palestrina, ebbed away and left the bald suffering of his improvisations, and the passionate spirit of his complaint. For the first and last time music failed to render him his own again. Through the chancel window the moon-beams fell in radiant hues that filled the place with dusky splendor, and lost themselves in long withdrawn shadow; purple and gold and ruby-red they lay on the tablets, sprinkled the oaken walls with emerald and sapphire gleams, and spread sheets of silver upon the citrine altar-stairs, but he saw it not. Fragments of the earnest supplication, wild searching, questioning from the andante of Beethoven's fifth symphony, broke through the vagueness of his own distracted thought; now like rain-drops in a parching drought, now like mighty hands groping in primal darkness. Suddenly the whole diapason shivered and resounded with a throbbing clang, and trembled wailingly away as he rushed from his seat and sought the air.

The whole town seemed too close and small, the tangled elms that lined the street stifled him, and he fiercely bent his rapid course to the lofty bridge that spanned the river, and where in the great current of air sweeping from the sea, he at least might breathe.

On one side here, how pastoral! flowing river, gently indented shores, islands that dipped their hanging willows in the stream, each bough rising hoar and silvery, and dipping down again, a boat lying like a dream on the broad bays of the full tide, and some echo of a distant song flying on the wind beyond. On the other side, like the stately march of an epic, the stream spread its course, and drew its long sweeping garments down the sand-bars; on his left the murmur of great pine woods, on his right the town with a faint sparkle of few lights; below, the angry swirl and eddy round the piers; beyond, two light-houses white and weird in the moon, and bickering back their red flames at her passionless arrows, white fields of foam falling ever inland from the vast old sea, and a great golden planet hanging like a beacon just above the horizon's edge, and trimming herself in the mirror of the advanc-

ing stream. He turned again mechanically, and only paused when he wonderingly found himself in her mother's drawing-room inquiring for her health.

Sara herself, wan and languid, came forward, thanking him for her preservation only with speaking eyes, and her hand in his. Her parents were louder in their gratitude, and only ceased when they found it jarring with his mood. Other visitors came in, and soon Sara and he betook themselves, alone, to the library, where the piano stood. At her request he sat before it, calmed by her calm, art and false duty half-forgotten, and his heart staid and filled with the delight of her presence. She stood at his left side, one fair hand on the instrument, and gazing upon him.

It was not Fauntleroy, but Mozart the poet of love, who discoursed to her now, and from the look that like the varied light of lambent flames played across her face he knew she understood it. Still she gave no sign, and again the sorrow and trouble of the day arose, though faintly, in his mind, and wrought themselves into wild complaining tones that brought tears into the eyes of the invisible audience in the next room, and a great compassion to quiver on the lips of Sara. She bent slowly forward, the music ceasing at her motion, the player rising, and all the doubts and reasons of the year fled away like ghosts scared at the coming day.

When her father entered the room, after an hour's flight, his keen eye directly divined the last occurrences, and as Fauntleroy rose to receive his extended hand, he took the words that the other seemed about to say, before they could receive utterance.

'I have foreseen it long; you ask me for my daughter?'

No such thought had Fauntleroy entertained, or that he should trouble himself about any one's consent save Sara's, yet now the propriety of the thing immediately flashed upon him.

'And you, Sara,' said her father. 'I have no need to ask: you love him?' Her sudden color answered.

'I would not pain you, yet reflect. Can your love endure much suffering and privation?'

Fauntleroy turned toward her while her father spoke, as if to assure her that it would meet that test.

She silently assented.

'Perhaps that is the lot of all women,' he continued, 'but Mr. Verrian will pardon me; can you taste poverty, learn the bitterness of labor, leave all this luxury for narrow want, and never look back upon it with a sigh?'

Still she assented.

'One other thing. We have heard much of the loneliness of an artist's wife. Pardon me again, Mr. Verrian, in this instance I believe it will be true. Mr. Verrian can assure you of it himself. Have you strength to suffer under neglect day and night, and be equal yourself to your demand for happiness?'

'The true wife of an artist, father,' she answered slowly raising her beautiful eyes, 'suffers no neglect, and cannot be impatient of his devotion to the thing that daily glorifies and crowns him.'

'You are assured?'

'Entirely!' she cried leaving the side of Fauntleroy, and throwing her arms round her father's neck.

'And you, Sir,' continued he folding her closely, 'she is all I have, can you cherish, comfort her, warm her in a love as large as mine; and when away from me as your career may call you, can you swear to be as faithful and tender as at this moment?'

All this Fauntleroy promised.

'Then,' said her father kissing her forehead, 'I resign her. God knows that I would not stand in her light. She is yours.'

After a while Fauntleroy briefly explained his plans, that he had saved, and could add to that obtained by the sale of his house, a sufficient sum to secure them a passage across the Atlantic, and always to prevent actual want. Further than that, and once in France, they must trust to themselves. 'We have so frequently spoken of the Zincaï, so longed for a share of their roaming outdoor life, that I know my love will not object even if it should come to this,' he said.

The little nestling hand in his again, as they sat now side by side, replied to the last words, in saying which he had turned his eyes on her.

'We can do better than that,' her father said, 'since you are rich where I am not, and have so long bestowed your wealth on my daughter, you will allow me to be at the expense of your voyage; and my banker in Paris shall be instructed to respect your signature. I never can suffer that she should be in real need.'

The ship sailed on Tuesday, it was now Saturday night; there was no time for coy delay, and with a simplicity all her own Sara promised to become his wife before they left. Looking at her by his side, and held to his heart, and so soon to be his alone and utterly, Fauntleroy wondered what fiend had tempted him, had dallied with his happiness, and postponed his delight; he cursed indeed the blind folly of these selfish years. As he sought his lonely house that night, all nature seemed to welcome him; the stars leaned out of heaven like living creatures rejoicing in his joy, and as he passed the sombre church,

'The very graves appeared to smile,
So fresh they rose in shadowed swells:
Dark porch, he said, and silent aisle,
There comes a sound of marriage-bells.'

Never had Sara heard that organ so jubilant as during the next morning's service. Portions of a satisfied deep-breathed mass of Pergolesi, and joyous hymns from Mendelssohn, pealing forth from the burnished tubes, so clear, regally sonorous and lofty, that she could have fancied the great carven cherubim, who planked its broad expanse with outstretched wings, blew out the braided harmony from their uplifted clarions; and when the music ceased for prayer, she believed the church to be perfumed like the air of a cathedral by all the incenses of summer, and the glittering keys to rest beneath his compelling fingers,

'Dripping with Sabæan spice.'

At the conclusion of the service, Sara and her parents lingered till the congregation were departed, and Fauntleroy had joined them. When the priest reëntered the chancel in his snowy surplice, the two met at the altar, invested themselves in the sacred oaths, and clinging to each other—husband and wife—faced the presence of God in the church, as did the first man and woman in the garden.

TREACHERY.

BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

Ho! pour me out the wine!
Cried the knight gray and old,
Pour me out the yellow wine,
As thou'rt told.
Let it foam within the cup
As you fill it gayly up;
Though my eyes are growing dim,
Still I like to feel the brim
Overflowing, overflowing;
Then my heart seems younger growing,
And my pulses are all glowing
And my spirit waxes bold.

Who poured me out that wine?
Cried the knight faint and old,
Who poured that yellow wine,
Icy cold?
O brother false of faith!
You have filled my cup of death!
My heart is all aflame
And a shiver shakes my frame,
Ever freezing, ever freezing,
Never ending, never easing;
Oh! thou' st killed me for the seizing
Of my titles and my gold!

THE REV. MR. TYMPAN'S MISFORTUNE :

RELATED AT SECOND-HAND.

BY WILLIAM WIRT SIKES.

My misfortune is, that I do not hear so well as some people — *not*, I would distinctly state, that I am pastor of a little church in the pleasant country village where I reside.

When I was at college, fourteen years ago, I was walking one day with a couple of fellow-students, one of whom was my chum, George Argent, since banker, and the other a freshman named New, who was killed ten years since by falling from a mast-head at sea. As we turned a corner a run-away horse came dashing across the side-walk, striking me squarely on my back and tossing me twenty feet plump forward. As I flew through the air a splintered thill flew after me, hitting me with its sharp point directly behind the external left ear, tearing that organ partially from my head and smashing certain internal arrangements that I had hitherto found useful. To make sure work of it, the horse took occasion in passing to put his foot on my head, and though he did not pause to use precision in that act, he could hardly have planted his shoe-corks more squarely on my skull if he had taken mathematical observations of the premises. A crowd picked me up, very limp, very bloody and very stupid, so much so that a council of physicians declared there was no life in me, and I was spread on a table to get cold. But for one circumstance, this had undoubtedly been my last appearance in public; that circumstance was, that Dr. Worth of New-York had arrived by the last train on the Cum and Gow Railroad, and had been invited to call and see 'the young man who was killed.' Dr. Worth was not a distinguished physician — he was only my father — but he was enabled to continue me in the land of the living, partly, I have never doubted, through that faith which moves mountains. I was restored to my usual health in the course of three or four months, except that it was found I could not hear so well as some people. I continue in that condition to the present day.

When I discovered that I possessed defective acoustic properties, I was very much cast down by the weight of my misfortune. I found that it acted as a continual draw-back on me wherever I went, whatever I did. In my class, I could not understand half the Professor said, and was compelled privately to request him to elevate his voice a little in future. He was a very obliging man — I remember him with affection; he elevated his voice, till I was in an agony of apprehension lest he should tear his vocal organs to shreds, and in my tremor begged him, in the presence of the class, to 'come down; I was not so deaf as that.' He came down, and I never heard him make a remark afterward.

Participation in debate was my greatest delight; but with such ears as

mine, such participation was simply impossible, except by compelling my fellow-students to lay themselves open to bronchitis. So I dropped debating; and a consequence is, that I am to-day just as incapable of making an extemporaneous speech as though I were a deaf-mute instead of a dominie.

Then, among other things, I affected female society extremely, (a weakness from which I have since nearly recovered,) and I found that, sitting in a quiet drawing-room, in company with ladies and one of my own sex, I was as effectually kept in the back-ground as if I had been a mummy and my male companion a Sydney Smith, whereas the truth might be that my friend was a conceited ass and myself a young fellow with quite a ready flow of ideas and good command of language, but a little deaf.

[I say this *might* have been the case; I do not say it *was* the case.]

The change that became manifest in me extended beyond my ears. From having been a very gay, rollicking, merry chap, I became melancholy. Exposed to mortifications more numerous and varied than the tribulations of Job, I at last came to look upon society as a sort of instrument of torture devised for my especial sorrow, and charged each item thereof with being a direct descendant of Tantalus, and inheritor of that ancient's most offensive peculiarities. I grew lank and yellow, whereas before I was fleshy and of good color; my face assumed the repulsive aspects of a cynic, whereas before it was good-natured and complacent; my breath grew offensive, whereas before it was sweet; my hand grew lean and limp, whereas before it was plump, and held a cordial grasp. This metamorphosis was observed of course, and I fell into dislike among students and friends every where—a fate which I do not pretend to say I did not deserve, though I do n't know but I might have wished some body had called public attention to Addison's familiar lines, in connection with my case:

'CONSIDER why the change was wrought,
You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault.'

It must not be inferred that I permitted myself to be thus vanquished by the imps of blue-devil-dom and dyspepsia, passively. It must not be supposed that I did not fight my dismal fate in the most desperate manner. It was a hard struggle to get me down, but once down, I became hopelessly non-resistant, and my dreary misfortune stretched its ghoul-like wings over me; it became the vampire that clung to me closer than a brother, and sucked my life remorselessly away, more terrible far than those unhealthy grave-yard tenants that used to creep from their cold and mouldy quarters o' nights, to visit the victim in his bed, and fasten their horrible lips on his tortured veins, more terrible far than these; for it left me nor day nor night, but followed me, mocking and torturing me through the sorrows of my stumbling and awkward daily experience, and through the bilious visions of my uneasy slumbers.

How fervently I was wont to wish that I were a deaf-mute! What wild projects I entertained from time to time of doing fearful violence to the ear that that villainous buggy-thill did not pierce! of putting beans into the meatus; of puncturing the tympanum with ferocious cobbler's awls; of running hot wires up my nose, and through the Eustachian tube into the inner-works, to

do destruction at one fell sweep to malleus, incus, orbicularis, and stapes; but sage reflection convinced me I should not mend the matter much, if any.

Once I tried to enliven my spirits by endeavoring to remember whether there had not been people of eminence in the world who had groped under the shadow of my misfortune; but, do my best, I could call to mind only Harriet Martineau and Tom Hood, who were partially deaf, while on the instant, as if determined on torturing me past all endurance, there came rushing on my mind a perfect hurly-burly of names of distinguished deaf-mutes: Jean Massieu, Ferdinand Berthier, James Nack, Pedro de Velasco, Richardin, Juan Fernandez de Navarrete, Walter Geikie, the Baron de Montbret, Lieut. Phillips, et cetera almost without end, confounding and overwhelming me.

[I have since observed, in reading anew Shakspeare's tragedy of Julius Cæsar, that the noble Roman was himself afflicted precisely as I am, that is to say, deaf in his left ear. Proof: Act I. Scene II., Cæsar says to Antony, with whom he is conversing respecting the lean and hungry Cassius:

‘COME on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou thinkst of him.’

Is not this conclusive?]

Disheartened and wearied by my vain efforts to find consolation in this direction, I was led to fall back on gentle Tommy Hood as the man of my heart. I took to reading him with all the avidity of a soul hungry for sympathy and solace, and though I grew not fat thereby, I found my greatest comfort in poring over the pages of the dear little invalid who coined from his throbbing heart the ‘Bridge of Sighs’ and the ‘Song of the Shirt,’ and who wrote the marvellous history of the eloquent but brimstony peddler of ear-trumpets—him who, in testimony of the superiority of his auricular aids, mentioned the deaf woman who bought one of them, and

—‘THE very next day
She heard from her husband at Botany Bay.’

This last poem I committed to memory, as ‘ladies’ men’ commit to memory Moore’s melodies, and as politicians get at their tongue’s end the war-cries of the campaign. It was scarcely ever out of my head; I took a grim delight in muttering the tale to myself on every occasion when the spirit moved me. It became a part, and a very important part of my ‘inner life,’ and dear Tommy Hood became my pet literary *amicus*.

How I eventually graduated, without overwhelming disgrace; how I also went through the Theological Seminary at X—, and emerged therefrom with no special blot upon my name, though positively without having made a real friend during all the time I was at X—; these are matter of history, as is also the fact that I was called to the pulpit of the church, where I now remain.

The call had reached me entirely through the efforts of influential friends in the church, and I had not been compelled to go through the preliminary performance of showing off my points for the criticism of the congregation. I had been taken ‘for better or worser;’ and this fact made me even more nervous

than I should naturally have been, at appearing for the first time in my new position. The eventful morning found me in my place, however, and with tolerable self-possession I conducted the preliminary service, scarcely glancing once at the upturned faces before me, but directing my gaze choir-ward. At length the reading and prayer having soothed my nerves somewhat, I arose and announced my text with little manifest trepidation :

‘I was in the Spirit on the Lord’s day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet.’ (REVELATION 1 : 10.)

Having done this I became dizzy, the congregation commenced to swim, and I presently became conscious that I was in the open air, with Brother Smith holding my head, Brother Jones sprinkling me with water, and Brother Robinson feeling my pulse. I had swooned ; and the reason why I had swooned was this, four old ladies sat in a row in one of the front-pews, each with a monstrous ear-trumpet yawning up at me, like so many bottomless pits, or trombones, or spittoons.

I entirely recovered from a raging fever about a month thereafter. As I was sitting in my easy-chair on one of the early days of my convalescence, the awful vision of those four monstrous ear-trumpets arose before me, and I shuddered at the thought of being compelled again to confront them from my pulpit and belch divine truths into their yawning depths. I resolved to preach no more. I would quit the ministry. I could never do my duty in the pulpit under the shadow of a misfortune like mine. I would peddle books ; I would edit a paper ; I would turn a grind-stone ; I would perform any given species of drudgery, but I would never preach again. Having arrived at this conclusion, I felt easier in my mind, and ventured to think again of those fearful trumpets. I presently found myself giving the subject a more philosophical consideration ; and shortly I was humming the words of my old favorite Hood-iac :

‘AND the very next day
She heard from her husband at Botany Bay.’

I hummed myself to sleep with the story of the fiendish peddler of ear-trumpets.

Presently at the open door before me a man appeared with a pack on his back. He saluted me with a grin and a duck of his little head, covered with wiry black hair, and then unceremoniously swung his pack from his back and commenced to open it at my feet. Willing to be entertained by any thing that offered, I made no objection. He turned back a cloth and exhibited his hoard. Prominent in a wilderness of pins, thread, rings and perfumery — centre-piece to a very Salmagundi of knick-knackery — lay an ear-trumpet. The peddler said : ‘What will you buy ?’

I grasped the ear-trumpet.

‘It is not good for much,’ said the peddler. ‘You see I am honest,’ grinning and ducking again, while he rummaged his pack.

‘Who are you ?’ said I suspiciously.

‘Your servant, Sir,’ he answered hastily, continuing : ‘Ah ! here it is — here is an article, Sir, that I can recommend that will answer your purpose.

With it you can hear the blood rippling in your neighbor's veins, or the fall of a mosquito's feet as it alights on your carpet. Try it, Sir; put it on. You just insert it in your ear; it will fit the orifice as perfectly as if I had myself made it expressly for you before coming up from my warm fire-side last night; but I assure you I did *not*. Here, Sir!

I took the article. It was simply a little black, flexible tube, which I placed in the meatus in such a manner that it was entirely invisible.

'A peculiarity of this instrument,' said my mysterious visitor, 'is that you can regulate its action with your will. If you hear any thing you do not wish to hear, by an effort of your will you may cease to hear it. Thus you can instantly shut off the stream of a tiresome conversation, or hush a grinding-organ beneath your window, as you wish. Thus you —. But how do you like it, Sir?'

How did I like it? I was beside myself with delight. I could hear the breathing of my host's sleeping baby in the next room. I could hear the peeping of a brood of chickens in the barn-yard. I could hear any sound I chose to hear, distinct from a medley of other sounds, Marvellous! How did I like it? What was the price? — that was all I wanted to know.

'The price, Sir?' said the grinning peddler; 'oh! I make you a present of it. Nay, no objections, please; it is my delight to bestow gifts upon those with whom I expect to become better acquainted by-and-by. I bid you good-day, Sir.'

As my mysterious benefactor retired, I could hear his feet clattering curiously on the carpet, and looking at them, I perceived they presented a most extraordinary case of *talipes varus*. Feet so hard and small, so remarkably clubbed, I had never seen before, and — it struck me as very curious — but he wore no shoes, and his step sounded more like the foot-fall of bone than flesh. I heard him distinctly as he passed out at the gate, and tramped over the distant hills out of sight.

What a blessing seemed my new-found treasure! I was deaf no longer. What new delight was given to existence! How I blessed my unknown but club-footed and eccentric and no doubt highly respectable visitor! Happy me.

What cared I now for those four unfortunate old ladies with their harmless and inefficient ear-trumpets? I reconsidered my intention of retiring from the ministry, and made my preparations for again essaying my pastoral *début* with an ardor such as I never before had experienced. I wrote a sermon that astonished myself as I rehearsed it in my chamber. It was then to prove a blessing to me, after all, that I had taken fright at the apparition of the trumpet-guard in the front-pew, for my introductory sermon was now marvelously in advance of any thing I had ever before produced. I walked to the church the next Sunday morning with a mind full of tranquil rapture, and entered the pulpit with a youthful step.

I presently became aware of an unpleasant circumstance: I could distinctly hear my congregation making whispered commentaries on my personal appearance:

FIRST VOICE: 'Looks pale; guess he's had a tough time on 't.'

SECOND VOICE: 'Pale?—pale as a hedge-fence; he's too black to get pale.'

THIRD VOICE: 'Handsome?—not by a good deal! I do n't think any but white men are handsome.'

FOURTH VOICE: 'What's he want to wear 's hair that-a-way fur? Scares me to look at 'im.'

FIFTH VOICE: 'I do n't believe he can preach. He looks stupid.'

SIXTH VOICE: 'Sophomoric. Just from the apron-strings of his *alma mater*.'

This was decidedly disagreeable information to reach my ears. I found that by exercising my will, I only 'shut off' one speaker to open the mouth of another as uncomplimentary. This was a new feature. I now for the first time bethought myself of the propriety of removing the instrument temporarily from the place it had occupied since the peddler's advent.

I could not stir it!

It would be vain to attempt to picture the tortures that now grew thick upon me. With beads of perspiration on my throbbing forehead, with hollow utterance and blundering enunciation I managed to stumble miserably through the preliminary service, though the criticisms on my *personnel* went on, intermingled with like animadversions on different members of the congregation.

At last I arose to commence my sermon, and was inexpressibly glad to notice that the gabbling had entirely stopped, and every eye was on me. I discharged the words of my text into the yawning mouths of the four up-turned ear-trumpets, and proceeded to spread the wings of my discourse. For perhaps ten or fifteen minutes all was quiet, and then the Babel set in. I continued to read my manuscript, but with the articulation of an automaton and the action of a stick; but I was no longer conscious of the words I uttered, for I was frantically engaged in exercising the will-ful function left me of regulating my now tormentor—only 'shutting off' one disagreeable speaker, however, to 'turn on' another—for the congregation seemed utterly to have forgotten me, and were engaged in conversation among themselves, the medley reaching my active ear in fragments like this:

'Beginning to pile up the agony, an't he? An't no orator, though; can't begin to come up to ——'

'Snuff? Help yourself; my ——'

'Dear Nellie, I shall die if you act so? Why do n't you sit up ——'

'On the top of his head! Never *saw* such hair; and then plastered all over his ears like a ——'

'Professional burglar from Boston. Got in with false keys. Stole more than ——'

'A five-cent piece, my dear? I've nothing for the missionary collection, and want to use it in a ——'

'Horn! Fact! Queerest box y' ever saw; all quirkeneed up. Right fancy ——'

‘That style of preaching at all ; nothing solid about him. A perfect ——’
 ‘Angel Gabriel, with his trumpet. Devilish good joke, was n’t it ? The boy ——’
 ‘Had a forked tongue, and was nigh twelve feet long, they said. Shot him with a ——’
 ‘Hole in the ground, six feet deep. I never saw it at all till I ——’
 ‘Sent a constable after him, and he said he did n’t owe ——’
 ‘Dear me, how tiresome ! I wish he’d stop his droning.’

I bore the agonies of this species of infernal torture, (of which the above is but a faint indication) until I could bear it no longer, and then rushed from the pulpit half-crazed and hatless, pausing not until I had reached my chamber. Locking the door, I buried my head in the pillows of my bed, striving to still the horrible tumult that rung in my ears, in vain ; there was evidently but one means of relieving the ineffable agony I experienced, and that was suicide. I sprang for my razor, applied it to my throat, and awoke.

I sat in my easy-chair, looking out upon the lovely landscape, verdant with the emerald of June, and aromatic with perfume. The song of birds reached even my dull ears—my still partially-deaf ears—and the lowing of cattle came like sweet music on the twilight air.

And from that hour I was reconciled to my misfortune.

POOR MARY.

POOR MARY sleeps in Indiana !
 Dark and dreary is her bed,
 Cold earth there alone surrounds her,
 Hard the pillow of her head.
 Quiet now the heart which loved me,
 Still the pulse that throbbed to mine,
 Dimmed the eye so lately beaming,
 Hushed the voice that answered mine.

No ! my MARY sleeps in heaven,
 In that blessed sphere of love ;
 MARY’s spirit still is with me,
 Hovering round me from above :
 I feel the influence of her spirit,
 Hear the music of her voice,
 Know her mild eye still beams on me,
 Bids my lonely heart rejoice.

J. P. B.

REVELATIONS OF WALL-STREET :

BEING THE HISTORY OF CHARLES ELIAS PARKINSON.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, AUTHOR OF ST. LEGER.

'Mislike me not for my complexion. — MERCHANT OF VENICE.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

HE rose as he spoke, and confronted me !

I stood quietly waiting for him to speak. Very soon he did speak.

'Is this,' said he, 'your signature?' producing a note which he held up for my inspection. I took it in my hands. It was for ten hundred and sixty-five dollars and thirty cents, payable to my own order. I recognized it at once as one of the notes given to Goulding. The name on the back had been carefully erased, but I was certain it was one held by his house, from their habit (which has since become almost universal with merchants) of having all notes drawn to the order of the makers.

'Yes ; this is my signature,' was the reply as I handed the note back to Mr. Bulldog.

'Are you prepared to pay the note ?'

'No.'

Whereupon the fellow drew a paper from his pocket, and handed it to me. I took it. It was a 'declaration,' entitled on the back :

'NEW-YORK COMMON PLEAS.

JOHN BULLDOG

vs.

CHARLES E. PARKINSON and
EDWIN E. ROLLINS,' etc.

'New-York, February 5, 1861.

'TO THE PROPRIETOR, PUBLISHER OR EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE :

'SIR : It is possible you may think it most *available* for a respectable periodical to encourage authors to minister to a diseased public taste. You are printing a series of papers under the clap-trap title of 'Revelations of Wall-Street ; or, the History of CHARLES ELIAS PARKINSON.' CHARLES ELIAS FIDDLESTICKS, say I. Since your February number has appeared, I have been annoyed by a parcel of fools, whom I am accustomed to meet in Wall-street, and who think they show their wit by exclaiming : 'How are you, OILNUT ?' 'We are going to apply to you for an extension, OILNUT !' 'How about that 'stale news,' and so forth. Now although I confess that I suppose I know who is meant by PARKINSON, yet I aver the man never owed me a dollar, and of course I was never called on to sign off for him ; and there is not one word of truth in the charge that I am the person referred to. Now my advice to you is, to discontinue these silly articles, in which there is not the slightest originality whatever. In fact, there is nothing in them which any curbstone-broker, or any body else who has burst up, is not familiar with. A pretty work for your boasted '*literary*' Magazine. Beside, let me remind you there is such a thing as a suit for LIBEL !

Yours, etc.

We readily acquit our correspondent (whose name we think best to suppress) of the charge of being the person described as OILNUT. That latter gentleman is by no manner of means as thin-skinned as he. The genuine OILNUT would not care if he was lampooned in our pages from January to December inclusive. He would in such case smile blandly, and tell us we were wasting time and paper. We hope this frank avowal will satisfy our correspondent. As to his advice about discontinuing the articles in question, we shall take it into respectful consideration, and beg him meanwhile to suspend the libel-suit. — PUBLISHER KNICKERBOCKER.

I looked at it for a moment. 'I perceive,' said I, 'this suit is on a note we gave to the house of Goulding and Company.'

'All right,' said the attorney. 'Now you will understand, Mr. Parkinson, it belongs to me, and it's I who have sued it. Motives of delicacy; Goulding your old friend, and so forth; you understand,' continued Bulldog with a leer. 'Having brought my action on this note, I demand of you that you apply the furniture in this house, not exempt by law from execution, to the payment of my claim. I demand further, if the furniture be insufficient, that you apply the sugars and teas, and other merchandise in your store in Front-street, to the payment in full, including costs, charges and expenses. Do you consent or refuse? I want an answer.'

I did not know what to make of this extraordinary proposition. Instinctively I felt that there was something breeding below the surface.

'Well!' said Bulldog.

'I will consult my counsel and give you an answer to-morrow,' was my reply.

'That won't do,' said the attorney, 'I have made a demand and I want to know what you have to say to it.'

'You have heard all I have to say this evening. I repeat, to-morrow I shall consult my counsel, and you will then hear from me.'

'Look here, Parkinson,' said the creature coming nearer to me, 'are you green? Don't you know me?'

'I do not.'

'Don't know John Bulldog! By — you've got to know him, that's all. You had better believe that. Come now, I can't tell why; but damn it, I would rather you should listen to reason. I know who your counsel is. I know Norwood. He's a damned fool; a good lawyer enough with no common-sense, and that makes a damned fool any time. Look here, will you? Just listen to what I have to say. I tell you you've got to pay me the four thousand and odd dollars you owe me, *me*, you understand. You an't dealing now with Goulding. I own those notes. Now, Parkinson, this sort of business is new to you: I see it is, so I think it worth my while to explain. I am an attorney-at-law, and mind you I go *by* the law. I don't know why, but I feel somehow inclined toward you, and by — I will save you if you give me a chance. Only you *must* pay these notes. By this time you have found out that Goulding is a damned sneaking old hypocrite. Now fix up this business, engage *me* to get you through, and I will have you on your legs in less than a week. I tell you that you had better not hesitate. Screwtight and Company and Gripecall, are both my clients; you know how much you owe them; you know whether they have signed off or not. Retain me and you are all right there. For one thousand dollars counsel-fee, I will put you all hunk. Damned if I do n't. Would like to see any of these chaps oppose you then. But if you don't do it, Parkinson, I, who know, tell you that you are a gone case. By — it's so.'

At that moment I felt something pulling at the skirt of my coat. It was my youngest child, a little girl eight years old. She was looking at Bull-

dog with wide-open surprised eyes. Just then his glance fell upon her. Strange to say, the wretch had twinges of feeling left in him. I heard afterward he had a wife and two children. He started as if seized by a pain sudden and acute; he turned quickly away, then recovering, he laid hold of my arm, and said with another horrible oath: 'By ——, Parkinson, come this way. You are in the hands of a man who never gives out. Once more I tell you pay Goulding's debt; you *must* do it. I own it, and that's enough. I believe I am getting to be a damned fool; damn that little child, send her out of the room.' For little Anna had followed, and was again pulling at my coat. 'Parkinson, let me take hold of you, and put you through. Now then! 't is the last call. What do you say?'

Up to this moment I had not spoken a word, since replying to his formal demand. Now I looked him steadily in the face. I knew it was all over with me. But my blood was up. I opened the door. 'There,' I said, pointing to it, 'quick! or ——.' There was a desperation in my eye before which a coward would be sure to quail. Bulldog walked out of the house without a word. Yet I knew what would be the consequence: knew and accepted it. So taking my little one by the hand, I returned to the parlor.

'Any thing wrong?' was the first question.

'Oh! no.'

'Then we had a pleasant evening. The children were very happy.'

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

AND blessed be God for all that children enjoy! Did you ever think of it, how independent they are of circumstances? How the children of the poor are as happy with a penny toy, with a bit of broken china, a rag baby, or their mud-pies, as the offspring of the rich with their endless variety of play-things, selected with so much care from the most expensive shops? Do you know how ready children are to find enjoyment in any condition with a contentment and a cheerfulness which grown-up people may indeed envy? It is not till they become acquainted with the conventionalities of the world, and find they lack what is most important in the world's eyes, that discontent creeps into the heart, and dissatisfaction takes the place of this blessed state. Thus it is not the thing itself, *but our consideration of it*, which has on us so extraordinary an influence. . . .

Strange to say, looking back to what was most oppressive, most agonizing in our change of position from wealth to poverty, I recall distinctly the fact that it was the thought of my children which most afflicted me. There was that in their young natures which in this connection touched me to the quick. It displayed such entire reliance on their father. *He* was stronger, *he* was better than any body else. *He* could not suffer defeat nor discomfiture. Never. Where *he* was, there was safety. Even now I recollect the confident grasp with which little Anna held hold of me as she gazed with instinctive apprehension in the eyes of Bulldog. Perhaps — who knows? — it was her presence which moved me to act toward the villain as became a man, which prevented any compromise with successful knavery.

I repeat, it was the thought of my children which most touched my heart when I reflected on what was about to happen. Their innocent and guileless faith; the shock which it would receive; the impossibility of their understanding all about it; was it unnatural; have you yourself never experienced any thing like it? Whether you have or not, I declare these feelings at times oppressed me almost to madness. Yet how unconscious were *they* of causing me such pain.

But I digress, and if you cannot sympathize with, will you not at least excuse my devoting a few paragraphs to those little beings, of whom our SAVIOUR said: 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

CHAPTER EIGHTH

I REMARKED that after turning Bulldog out of doors we passed a pleasant evening. It was so. I understood perfectly that it was in the power of Goulding to prevent my carrying through the proposed compromise, and I saw he was determined to do so unless I paid him in full. I had resolved not to do this. That settled in a manner to preserve to me my self-respect—and self-respect is a tower of strength—I was perfectly calm. Yet when I stopped to reflect on Goulding's course, I confess I was astounded. It really was not for his interest to sacrifice me. Evidently, however, he acted on the principle of making sure of every dollar. His doctrine was, 'A bird in the hand,' etc.; 'Never risk what is certain for what is uncertain.' He was confident of being able to compel payment or security for the four or five thousand dollars we owed him. If he gave up twenty-five cents on the dollar, beside granting time for the balance, he *might* lose even that balance. This was the narrow reasoning of a sordid, narrow-minded man. Yet this course had carried him successfully through many disastrous seasons, and made him rich. In every situation and by all classes Goulding was considered a safe man. Not content with standing high in financial circles, Goulding took stock in enterprises which he believed would entitle him to admission into the kingdom of heaven. He subscribed largely to charities. He was an elder in the church; and generally present at the Thursday evening prayer-meeting. For several years he had been the active superintendent of the Sunday-school. The clergyman sought his advice; and in any matter under discussion his counsel was apt to prevail. His family assumed a good deal of fashionable display. His carriage was an expensive one, his horses thorough-bred, his coachman in livery. He used to say how much his heart was foreign to such things, but the women were to be considered, and if it gave his wife pleasure, why, after all, it was harmless enough. This was the man who could employ such a creature as Bulldog to harass and distress me.

And this Goulding, who by the way is a type of a pretty large class, was he really unconscious what sort of person he was? Did he honestly believe he was travelling the road to eternal life, that he really had safe assurance for passage into the next world? I am inclined to think he did. That is, the part of sanctimonious hypocrite had been so long played that it had become a second nature. He had probably learned to thoroughly deceive himself. So that

should he read this history, and it is probable he may read it, he will be very apt to exclaim: 'Why, what had Parkinson to complain of? It was a fair business transaction. 'T was n't for me to pay his debts. Did n't he owe the money? Business is business.'

What misery, what trouble, what distress, what anguish, one human being will cause another! Is it true that the goddess Nemesis never tires, never intermits her unerring pursuit; surely reaches her object, and always at the appointed hour? According to my observation and experience, those merchants who are most severe in driving debtors to the wall, most extortionate in their demands, most unsparing in their prosecutions, generally go down themselves in the long run. But there are striking exceptions to this stern rule of compensation. Goulding has not failed. He has retired from business with a large fortune, and is employing his capital so that it brings in handsome and safe returns. An odor of sanctity surrounds him like an atmosphere. I see his name often on public subscription-lists. His family have attained a high social position; all things flow smoothly with the man who employed Bulldog to visit me that evening. To whom is chargeable the breaking up of my business, the loss of the little which might have remained to my wife, the misery and destitution of my family, and my own personal torments. All things flow smoothly with him!

When, O Nemesis! is the appointed hour?

I lost no time the next morning in calling on my counsel, Mr. Norwood, of the law-firm of Norwood and Case. Notwithstanding Bulldog's sneer, this gentleman held an eminent position at the bar, and commanded the respect and esteem of all. Mr. Case, who was associated with him, was a shrewd, quick-witted, energetic young attorney, of honorable instincts, and a high sense of what became his profession. With Norwood I had been on terms of great intimacy for more than twenty years. Minutely I stated the whole affair with Bulldog, (I had previously conferred with Mr. Norwood about my matters, and he knew the progress I was making in my efforts for a compromise.) When I had concluded, there was a profound silence for two or three minutes. Mr. Norwood appeared to be in a brown study. Presently he said: 'The fellow appeared to lay stress on his *demand*, did he?'

'Yes.'

'And he specified certain articles he desired you to apply to the payment of the debt?'

'Yes.'

'My friend, I am very sorry you have fallen into the hands of this scoundrel. Members of the bar are undecided what course to take with him. As long as he infringes no law and no rule of court, what can we do? I know all about him. He undertakes to collect doubtful debts by bullying his victim. There is no species of petty persecution which does not embrace a violation of the statute which he does not resort to. The result is, that RESPECTABLE MERCHANTS employ him to manage what they call their hard cases, or when they

wish to appear in the back-ground. Now I know that Burnham and Prince are the regular counsel of Goulding and Company, persons of the highest respectability, yet you see they call in Bulldog for their dirty work.'

'But what can he do?' I asked.

'That is what I am coming to. He can do nothing, except give you a great deal of annoyance, by which he hopes to wear you out, and compel payment of his claim. He has doubtless something in view in making this demand. As to the legal result, give yourself no uneasiness about that. What is to be dreaded is, that he will obstruct you in getting through with your compromise. But stay a minute.' With that, Mr. Norwood stepped to another room, and called Mr. Case. The latter entered, bowed to me, and said to Mr. Norwood: 'I have but a few moments, as I must be at the Hall at eleven o'clock.'

'You are better acquainted with the tricks of Bulldog than I am, now let us know what he is driving at with Mr. Parkinson:' and he briefly described my interview.

'I can tell you,' said Mr. Case promptly. 'Bulldog brings all his suits in the Court of Common Pleas, where he has managed to obtain an extraordinary control in all matters of mere practice. I don't mean to say any of the Judges are corrupt, but the fact is, he has actually got the upper hand of Calcroft in particular, before whom he manages to bring all his motions. It was only yesterday I endeavored to get a 'snap-judgment' opened which Bulldog had taken against us after promising one of our clerks *verbally* to give us another day to plead. The young man was to blame in applying for further time to him instead of the court, and, as you know, no verbal stipulation is binding, Bulldog entered judgment, and laughed in my face the next morning for being so credulous. 'Case,' said he, 'you never need be afraid of me so long as you keep yourself within the rules. My advice is, to turn that clerk out of your office, and get a better one in his place: he's green.' If it had not been in the court-room I should have knocked the fellow down! I was so enraged. Yesterday I made the motion to open the judgment, and do you believe, so completely is Calcroft under Bulldog's influence, that instead of vacating the judgment and indignantly reprimanding him, as was once done in the Superior Court, he only consented to let me in to defend on payment of costs, and allowing the judgment to stand as security!'

'But, Mr. Case,' said Norwood, smiling at the way his junior was carried off by his interest in his motion, 'you forget that it is Mr. Parkinson's affair we have now to consider.'

'Oh! I understand about that. He tried it on with Lewis; very annoying though. Bulldog contends that after he has commenced a suit, and made such a demand, on failure to comply he can bring the case within the provisions of the act to abolish imprisonment for debt, AND TO PUNISH FRAUDULENT DEBTORS. Of course he can't do any such thing, but he gives one a world of trouble.'

Mr. Norwood took down the second volume of the 'Revised Statutes,' and turned to the one hundred and seventh page. 'There,' said Mr. Case putting his finger on section four, 'Bulldog claims that a refusal to apply property to

the payment of a demand against which the defendant admits there is no defence is *prima-facie* evidence that the defendant, in the language of the act, '*is about to dispose of his property with intent to defraud his creditors,*' and for which a WARRANT OF ARREST issues! What is worse, I am told that Calcroft is inclined to sustain this construction; at all events, he has issued warrants to my knowledge on affidavits prepared by Bulldog, when he knew just what the facts were. The question has never been tried, because the parties will be only too eager to settle in some way, and escape from the custody of the sheriff before it becomes known they have been arrested. For my part, I have made up my mind the only way to get along with Bulldog is to fight him hard and strong: and if necessary to administer personal chastisement. He is a cowardly bully, and it is a disgrace to the merchants of the city that such a creature finds employment.' Mr. Case here looked at his watch, and made a hasty exit. Mr. Norwood smiled as the former went out, and said: 'Case is still smarting under that snap-judgment, but really it is quite as he has described it. Now to your affair. Frankly, I think there is no doubt but he will be ready in his attempt to arrest you early in the week, and you were judicious in coming directly to me. One thing first: you decide not to buy him off?'

'I am settled on that point.'

'You are aware this will force you into an assignment?'

'I am.'

'Well, then, go to your counting-room; prepare schedules of your liabilities and assets as soon as possible. If any thing special occurs, send at once for me. I shall be either here or at my house.'

I took leave of my friendly adviser and went to Front-street. I had not been long there before 'declarations' were served on me: one at the suit of Screwtight and Company, one by Gripeall on notes of our firm already protested. Rollins had been already served, and when I told him what we had to expect the poor fellow was greatly depressed. I endeavored to encourage him. I said this was nothing but valuable experience to him who was just beginning his business life; he must think of it as such. With me it was another affair. At my age, recovery was difficult.

In the afternoon I conferred with some of my largest creditors; they all sympathized with me, and some offered to call on Goulding with the hope to influence him to change his course. Among those was Mr. Longstreet. His interview was a protracted one, and it was fruitless. I never learned the particulars; but I know the next time the HONEST man met the HYPOCRITE he passed him without sign of recognition. As for Gripeall and Screwtight, they were under Goulding's influence so entirely that application to either would be useless.

Before I went home that night we had made our assignment. Late in the evening it was finished and executed at Mr. Norwood's office. Thus I was forced to dispossess myself of a large estate. For I was not willing such men as Goulding, Gripeall, Screwtight and one or two others, should receive their entire claim by prosecuting, to the detriment of more honest and indulgent creditors. The course taken by Bulldog was ingenious. Through his influence

with Judge Calcroft he would be able to procure a warrant of arrest for me on the ground I had failed to comply with his demand. It is true such a course would not ultimately be sustained, but the warrant once granted we would be forced to give bonds that we would not '*assign or dispose of any property with intent, or with a view to give a preference to any creditor,*' etc. Could this warrant be served *before* the assignment was actually executed, Bulldog felt assured he could worry us into payment. Indeed, we would never be out of his clutches while any thing remained to plunder.

In my assignment, after providing for a few confidential matters, I divided all among my creditors equally. I was greatly tempted to leave Goulding out. But I thought the revenge would be an ignoble one. So he shared with the rest.

Once more all was gone! 1837-1847. Ten years out of the marrow of my life! And I was swept back to begin where I had left off ten years before. No; that was impossible. I could never begin *there* again. Never were those years to come back. I had to repeat my circumstances with ten years less of vigor and vitality. There comes a time, often before we actually perceive any diminution of health or strength, when we experience a loss of confidence in our power to do and to achieve, to endure and to suffer; when we are tempted to bow the head and say: 'Enough! let there be no more strife.' It is the first sign of decadence, a mournful sign; this drooping of confidence, so much more appalling than any physical failure of the frame.

It was Saturday evening when we accomplished this. It was with a sense of relief that I thought of the next day as one of rest. It was many years since the Sabbath had seemed to me so desirable. Before I reached my door I was endeavoring to accustom myself to what had now taken place. The execution of the assignment was a death-blow to any immediate plan for getting into business. While I was energetically employed in attempts to carry through a compromise, I never stopped to contemplate such a result. It had come, and I already began to devise some method to make the best of it.

Step by step we become accustomed to what happens. Gradually pushed from one stand-point to another, we learn to submit. Wonderful is the power of adaptation in man; to climate and temperature, to every kind of food and clothing, to every variety of habit and condition and circumstance. Give him sway, and he is a very lord paramount! tyrannizing over his fellows, attempting things unnatural and preposterous, wasteful and ridiculous. Important and self-sufficient, he shows it in his look, his walk, his gesture, his surroundings. Let the hand be put forth against him, and does he fall, does he wither into insignificance? No; he adapts himself to his new state. He discovers that his former condition was not propitious to a high moral and intellectual life. He sees things in a new light, and his opinions alter accordingly. Misfortune still pursues him. Instead of crouching, crushed and humiliated, he stands up and proclaims aloud that it is only in adversity the true powers are developed. Press him down harder and closer until he is in positive extremity; he boldly defies the god of this world, points triumphantly to the next, and welcomes

what shall come *there* ! averring that only as a sojourner he has tarried here ; never claiming a residence, he desires none, for he will soon leave for *home* ! Verily, strange is the power of the soul !

CHAPTER NINTH.

‘PAPA,’ said Miss Alice, after we had returned from church in the morning, ‘what do you suppose is the matter with Harriet Goulding ? She scarcely spoke to me as we came out. I was rushing up to catch hold of her, but she looked so strange that I hesitated, and she passed on before I recovered myself. What can it mean ?’

‘It is on account of a business difficulty I have with her father, I presume.’

‘Is that it,’ exclaimed Alice, with spirit. ‘And so that’s what Harriet’s friendship is worth. I wish I had known it before, we would have seen who would have been the first to put on airs. I hope I shall meet her face to face in the street to-morrow. How I will cut her !’

I laughed.

‘You would not laugh, papa, if you knew how intimate we have been, and how glad she was to see me when we came back from Newport. Well, because you owe her father she treats me so,’ and tears of vexation stood in her eyes.

‘My dear child,’ I said, ‘you must accustom yourself to this. It will not be Miss Harriet alone who will fail in cordiality. It is very probable that many young misses, whose fathers I do n’t owe, may exhibit similar caprice in their friendship ; not perhaps so abruptly as Harriet has done, but in a more polite way, and with a gradual diminution of civility.’

Alice burst into tears.

‘My dear daughter, I am sorry to grieve you ; but the time must soon come when you will begin to experience the effect of what has happened to me, and it is best I should talk to you about it. With Harriet Goulding it is simply the exhibition of her father’s feelings ; with others, it will be the natural result of our change of circumstances. You cease to belong to your set when you cease to do as they do. Should we move to Philadelphia, we should not expect to receive morning visits from our friends here. And when we move away from our customs and habits and houses, it is not in the natural course of things that you shall continue to receive visits from those who remain. They do not desert us. We desert them, and we must not be vexed if they do not run after us. But my dear child, there is nothing in this to sadden or discourage you. We will be happy, for we love each other ; and wherever we are, we shall be sure to find some who are congenial and friendly. We must not be misanthropical, nor permit ourselves to be soured by exhibitions of wickedness. The good exceed the bad in numbers and strength ; let us thank God that they do.’

I was interrupted by happy sounds from the next room. They proceeded from little Charley and Anna, who were singing together one of their Sunday-school hymns to a charming air, partly taken from music which would hardly

be considered sacred. I listened with a new pleasure, quite ready to agree with the learned divine who pressed certain operatic strains into the church service; for 'Why,' said he, 'should the Devil monopolize all the good music?' I listened. These were the words as they fell on my ear:

'To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind and good
As children ought to be.'

I had never been what is called religious. I went regularly once a day to church, but was not a member. I cannot say I had any habit of prayer, although I was a conscientious believer in the truths of our sacred religion. I suppose I had heard my children sing their little hymns hundreds of times, yet never till that day was I impressed by them. A sweet solemnity took possession of me; and when they had finished, tears were in my eyes. Alice saw it. She hardly understood my emotion; but rising, she came, and putting her arms around my back, she kissed me and said: 'Dear papa, do not fear that we shall be unhappy whatever shall befall us. We will all try to make your cares lighter, and no one can rob us of our love.'

I pressed my daughter to my heart, while now the tears flowed freely down my face. I rose and walked up and down the room. 'Miserable hypocrite,' I said to myself, 'you are claiming for yourself to-day an exalted religious feeling; say rather it is a morbid sentimentality arising from disappointment in business. Hallo! stop that! Be a man. Do not insult your MAKER with this cast-off performance. Wait awhile till things go smooth with you; then if you want to be pious and good and all that sort of thing, you can have the opportunity.' Shocked by this sudden revulsion, sufficiently depressed by recent events, the idea that feelings which I regarded as sacred, were nothing but a phase of low spirits, threw me back on myself again. Alice was still in the room regarding me with painful solicitude. *There*, I said, in the society of your family, in the honest determination to bear what comes with courage and with fortitude, in the sifting the chaff out of yourself, and preserving what wheat remains for the harvest; that is a better work, just at present, than indulging in a sentimental whine over your sins.*

The bell rang. Presently the servant announced Miss Stevenson. She was a frequent visitor at our house—a superb piece of God's handiwork in flesh and blood and brain and soul. She was an orphan at this time; twenty-two years old; in the possession of about ten thousand dollars a year; with exquisite taste, a good judgment, amiable and accomplished. The world had for her a daily succession of delights and joys. There she stood, her handsome face exhibiting that fine polish of the skin, that delicate, rich surface which only the best possible *keeping* will produce. The hat was faultless, so was the rich

* We think Mr. PARKINSON unnecessarily severe with himself. That we neglect to turn to God for support until other sources fail, is no evidence that our feelings are not sincere. Although it seems ungracious to seek our MAKER only after every earthly hope has perished; still this is just what He tells us we may do. Doubtless, with many, their feelings will not stand the test of returning prosperity. But we have always felt that whether genuine or not, they forcibly illustrate man's recognition of a HIGHER POWER.—EDITOR OF MEMOIRS.

camel's-hair shawl which she laid aside after my wife came in, displaying a faultless shape, set off to best advantage by her dress, which exhibited minute without any painful attention to detail. Every possible appliance which the suggestions of a refined, luxurious taste could furnish was supplied. All told of wealth, rich comforts and ease in one's possessions. As I looked at her, I was recalled to the world — the bright world, with no burthening cares, no anxious forecast into the morrow. What a seductive type of it was before me. . . . Miss Stevenson made a long visit. She was sincerely attached to my wife. Well assured of her own position, she was not one of those who would be affected in her friendship by change of fortune. I handed her to her carriage, a beautiful open barouche, with well-groomed horses, a coachman in neat livery, with a *pose* on his box of absolute self-satisfaction ; all in all, complete in every appointment. Just then a half-starved, bare-footed girl, sixteen or seventeen years old, with ragged dress, torn hat, no shawl, no cloak or other protection from the November wind, passed by. She paused with careless hesitation as she cast her eyes on the fine young lady seated in the carriage. She was not a beggar, this girl ; but she stopped as I have said, perhaps in some degree fascinated, or perhaps in a mood of bold or idle curiosity. I do not believe it occurred to her as it did to me, to ask what has made this fearful disparity between these two young people. Is there nothing wrong in a *SYSTEM* where such disparity exists ? Or is it only error in our hearts which makes a good system work badly ? Has that charming, amiable young woman any *RIGHT* to sit in that carriage with half the world suffering around her ? and so forth. These thoughts, while trite and familiar to the mind of the philanthropist, had rarely occurred to me, and now evidently were called up by the immediate contemplation of my own misfortunes.

When the young lady in the carriage caught sight of the bare-footed wretch on the side-walk, she exclaimed quickly : 'Do speak to that poor creature, Mr. Parkinson, and see if she does not want something.'

The 'poor creature' evidently understood the remark, for she turned abruptly and proceeded on her way.

'Speak to her, *do*,' continued Miss Stevenson.

I called to the girl. She stopped and looked at me with an independent air.

'This lady wishes to know if she cannot help you,' I said.

'I do n't want any help,' was the abrupt reply as she started on.

There was nothing more to be done, and Miss Stevenson directed the coachman to drive on. But, as I have reason to know, that face haunted her through the day and night, and for a long time after.

In the evening my wife and I sat together, and endeavored to take a careful survey of our situation. It was gloomy enough. The semi-annual interest on the mortgage for fifteen thousand dollars would be due the following week. We could not pay it, and a suit for foreclosure would be the immediate result. For the holder, Mr. Glynn, was a prompt collector. The carriage and horses belonged to my wife, at least so we had always considered ; but Mr. Norwood intimated a grave doubt as to the legal point. The fact was, I had been in the

habit when I was in business before, of appropriating a certain sum for the rent of the house, precisely as if it belonged to a stranger. Not that my wife really kept a separate purse; but she enjoyed, and so did I, the appropriating of this amount to certain expenditures which, although not absolutely necessary, are yet continually incurred in every family of competent means. If a new shawl was to be purchased, or a piece of plate, or a birth-day present made, or if some unlooked-for circumstance, like the marriage of a friend or some public festivity, involved the purchase of a new dress, this fund, under the treasurership of my wife, was drawn on. It was thus made a source of much happiness, and it was with pleasure I recommended the habit on starting in business again; on a smaller scale to be sure, for first had to be deducted the interest-money, and only the balance between it and what would be a proper rent for the house, went to make up this purse. Our horses and carriage were sold on my first failure. After I resumed business, my wife laid aside the rent-money to purchase a new establishment. Only at the commencement of that very year had she gained the necessary sum. And it was one of the petty annoyances consequent on my present reverse, that it should come so soon after this special event. Now, it was considered doubtful by my counsel if my wife could avail herself of this property, or the proceeds of it, as against an uncompromising and active creditor; such men, for example, as Bulldog was acting for. Since that period an effective law has been passed by the Legislature of the State of New-York giving adequate protection to the separate property of married women; a tardy but most necessary acknowledgment of their rights. The making of an assignment was forced on us so suddenly—the change in our prospects from the expected successful compromise to this untoward step, that I had had no time to decide what was to be done in detail. I had a right to count on some sort of an attack from the enemy on the following day. What was it to be? Thinking it over so much, annoyed and irritated me. It seemed as if we had been extravagant in keeping a carriage and in the order of our household, and so I told my wife, in a querulous tone (as if I had any reason to complain of her!) and I went on in the strain that men are apt to pursue under similar circumstances, and which is a species of littleness in our natures I never could account for.

‘The fact is,’ I continued, ‘we have not been economical enough; we have lived too fast. There is Alison now, who came from the other side with a petty agency for spool-thread; he pays this day but six hundred dollars rent for his house; lives frugally, and is already one of the heaviest commission-merchants in the city. No, my dear, we have been going on at too fast a rate altogether.’

‘Charles,’ replied my wife, ‘I do not like to hear you speak in this way. You have *not* lived too fast. If we have lived in a measure expensively, it has not been a wasteful or a heedless expenditure. Tell me, would you like to be such a man as Mr. Alison? Would you wish me to be like his wife? No, there are habits acquired along with the mere labor of accumulation that no wealth can compensate for. It is true we have lived generously, and I am glad we have. We do not carry about with us cramped-up, narrow, sordid

natures, such as utter devotion to gain produces. Beside, Charles, be honest: tell me, were our household expenses the cause of your embarrassments? Really, had we lived on one half of what we did, would it have made any difference? No, indeed. Really, then, you have had the advantage of Mr. Alison, because you have lived as became a gentleman, and you cannot be robbed of what you have enjoyed, nor of its liberalizing influences. If Mr. Alison fail, what has he to look back on that can give him the slightest satisfaction?

I smiled; pronounced my wife in the right; asked pardon for my ill-timed remark, and then the discussion of our prospects was resumed.

Another important question was about the furniture in our house. Originally it was purchased by my wife; and the insurance on it, as well as on the house, was in her name. But a large proportion had been changed by substituting new articles as the old became out of repair, and which I had paid for. The furniture was doubtless at the mercy of the first creditor who obtained a judgment against me. Bulldog had commenced the first suit, and *his* would be the first execution.

'After all, Charles, is it not best to propitiate this man? He offers on certain conditions, which are not impossible, to carry out your plans for you. Look at it deliberately. On the one side, absolute pecuniary ruin, and whatever that shall entail; on the other, a return to active business—successful business—with the power sooner or later to pay all your debts, so that all will fare as well as this man you have now to pay. Ought you not, for the sake of your family, to accept this means of extricating yourself?'

'Do *you* think I ought to accept his proposition?' I asked.

'I do not know; I will not say; I cannot decide. I only ask you to reconsider your decision; to carefully reflect before you finally reject his offer.'

'I am inclined to think *he* considers it final after the summary way I expelled him from the library,' I said, unable to repress a grim smile of satisfaction.

'Such a miserable wretch is insensible to insult.'

'I suppose so;' and thereupon I silently canvassed the matter over again. I permitted to rise before me the picture of a happy household, a prosperous business, position, friends, social life; all these to be retained. The reverse of the picture, a dark, unfathomable blank. Only secure Bulldog's influence with a thousand dollar fee—an extra thousand for Goulding—that is all. 'Be not righteous over-much; why shouldst thou destroy thyself? Think of the sea of troubles you will enter on to-morrow!'

Was I base enough to compound a felony? Could I live out of the wages of vile iniquities? Would I pay a premium for highway robbery, theft, picking of pockets, subornation of perjury, whatever else was low and vile? If not, what had I to do with Bulldog?

'My dear, I have decided!'

'Well.'

'No! a thousand times no!'

'You have spoken as becomes my husband. Charles, I *did* waver. I hesitate no longer. You are right.'

Thus deciding — thus supported in my decision — holding my wife's hand, we silently renewed the pledge made to each other at the altar many years before — '*for better, for worse.*'

STRAY THOUGHTS.

I.

SILENTLY we're striving —
Striving to be good;
Daily we are toiling —
Toiling for our food:
Thus we're taught the lesson
Never to be spurned,
Life's great hidden treasures
Must be bravely earned.

II.

Silently we're striving —
Striving to be what?
Hourly, daily erring,
Yet all our sins forgot.
Thus the heart is toiling —
Toiling to be free,
Surging on the billows,
Struggling with Life's sea.

III.

Silently we're struggling —
Struggling in the dark;
Daily hoping something —
Catching at a spark:
Silently the river
Of life is flowing on:
Flowing to the ocean,
In silence — then 't is gone!

W. S. B.

THE RAINBOW.

A CHIPPEWA ALLEGORY.*

BY HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

A PROPHET lived near the falls of St. Mary's for many years. He was now an old man, and he was regarded as one who ever lived in close communion with the Great Spirit. He could read the clouds. He could understand every mystic sound. There was no hard question put to him which he could not answer. He was a wise man. He had made mysteries his study, till all mysteries were plain to him. He possessed a small stature, and a thin body, and small legs and arms. Some thought his bones were hollow, like a bird's, he was so light. But his eyes were black and sparkling, and his voice had a peculiar intonation. His hair was long and as white as snow, and the older he became the longer and whiter it grew.

He had been married when a young man, and had a daughter named Alla, whom he tenderly loved and cherished, and to whom he had taught some of his songs and arts. Alla was the pride of her village; modest, kind and respectful, she became an example and pattern for all the maidens. But she was taken very ill one day in her father's lodge and died before any relief could be given; while it was observed that a rainbow from the Falls rested on the top of her father's lodge. Whether it was this incident, or some early dream that had given him the name of the Rainbow, or Hair of the Sun, is not known. Many thought that the girl had been miraculously transferred to the skies, and he sided with this opinion, for he had often seen her sitting and gazing intently at the sky.

He had a little drum, the rim of which was covered with hieroglyphics; and a curious stick, upon the end of which was tied a string of deer's hoofs, which made a sharp noise at every stroke. And he sang these words with a solemn tone:

'HEAR my drum, ye spirits high;
Earth and water, air and sky,
Ye to me are common ground:
Spirits, listen to my sound—
Walking, creeping, running, flying,
Near or distant, living, dying,
Ye are but the powers I sway;
Hearken to my solemn lay—
I compel you hither come:
Hear my rattle, hear my drum,
From your highest circles come.'

* THE readers of the KNICKERBOCKER will be gratified to learn that this beautiful Indian legend is only the first instalment of gems of this character that may be expected from the same source. Our esteemed friend and correspondent, in a note accompanying this contribution, says: 'I send you an Indian legend taken from my aboriginal portfolios. Should you deem it suitable for the pages of your Magazine, I may hereafter cull from this source something of like legendary character.'—ED.

The bark rolls of his lodge had been lifted up while he uttered this incantation, and the gorgeous red and green rays of the rainbow rested directly on his head. They seemed to be mingled with his long hair; and when he put up his hand to disentangle it, he found himself rising by a strong attraction, and he rose up to the skies by these light and silky filaments.

Very long and bright silver lodges, and open green plains, were the first things that presented themselves; and he saw that the smoke which issued from them in large sheets of blue, pink and white, formed the clouds surrounding the globe. He was kindly received at the chief's lodge, where a wide circle of scarlet-red chairs were occupied by chiefs, who sat smoking their pipes. He saw that at every exhalation of the smoke there were bright little flames, and this is the cause of what we call *annung*, or the stars.

Very soon his daughter stood before him in a beautiful robe of pale green. 'Father,' said she, 'I have expected you a long time. I told those tall and majestic chiefs yonder that if they would untie their girdles and let down the silken threads of their long sashes which bind their robes, you would come up. But father, it is not here as with you on earth. We do not live in want at all. We do not hunger; we do not die. There are no marriages here; there are no births. We are all spirits; our senses are keen and high. We can hear the slightest whisper from below, and see the smallest thing. It seems the distance is not broader than my hand. Your drum and rattle sound plainly, and the words of your songs are instantly understood. There is no war or bloodshed here. There is no hunting; the animals come out of the woods unhunted. The high and sharp rocks are only shadows; we can walk through them. Every thing is pleasing, and all are happy here. The Great Spirit only visits us by angels. He dwells in yonder region, surrounded by bright stars.

'I see you have brought along your drum and rattle. Sit down on yonder green bank by the crystal waters and play, while I go to report your coming to a higher power.' He played. The music he made was of unusual sweetness; and when he looked, the instrument was changed into a bright substance like silver. He had played but a little while, when there came on the waters stately white swans and birds of bright plumage, and when he looked around him he saw droves of deer and antelopes and elks in peaceful gambols.

Where he took his seat he remained sitting; and this is the reason of that bright planet called the Evening Star. It is only one of the little ornaments which surround the Great Spirit; and when it rains in heaven, you behold those bright lights Jeebing Neemiiddewaud, or the Dancing Ghosts, called by white men *Aurora Borealis*.

Youthful listener, wouldst thou be instructed? Behold in this legend the history of the aged prophet Miscogaudic-aub or the Rainbow-Chief, and his daughter Alla, and their translation to the abode of the Great Spirit.

M A G D A L E N A .

BY E. ALMY.

MAGDALENA's robes are trailing through the highway's soiling dust :
Spotless hem and seam are glazing over with apparent rust ;
Hooded cloak conceals the contour of her drooping head and face,
Hiding outline and proportion of her form, whose step is grace.
Small her feet and arched her instep, gliding onward, travel-stained,
Feet whose pride of wealth and birth-right have the common earth disdained.
Who can prove that MAGDALENA walks alone in strange disguise ?
Who unclasp the hooded mantle, hiding face and veiling eyes ?

MAGDALENA lives in grandeur, and the nobles round her wait,
And her chariot on the highway bears armorial gauds of state ;
Fair and proud is MAGDALENA — pride of birth and pride of scorn —
Fairer, earth ne'er gave existence since the day that EVE was born ;
Form as stately, mould as perfect, eyes of blue and forehead fair,
Crowned with woman's crown of glory, wondrous waves of golden hair.
Who can prove that MAGDALENA walks alone in strange disguise ?
Who unclasp the hooded mantle, hiding face and veiling eyes ?

MAGDALENA loves in secret, loves the lowliest fisher's son ;
She can never wed the Gentile who her faith and soul has won.
He is brave and tall and graceful, fair as any son of earth,
But his grace is all of nature, not from gentle blood and birth.
Yesterday the highest ruler in the land of Judah came,
Kneeling at her feet in splendor, offering her his hand and name ;
But he tarried not till evening, whispering love-vows 'neath the moon,
Rode away in crimson anger — anger o'er his slighted boon.
Who can prove that MAGDALENA walks alone in strange disguise ?
Who unclasp the hooded mantle, hiding face and veiling eyes ?

MAGDALENA, pale with passion, struggling in her bonds of love,
Envyng every meaner thing from mated man to mated dove,
Spurns the laws of men and birth-right, spurns the laws of maiden shame,
Scorns the ruler and his greatness, scorns alike her wealth and fame :
Heeding but the charm which draws her toward the fisher's manly grace —
Parting with the hopes of woman for his ardent love-embrace ;
Who can prove that MAGDALENA walks alone in strange disguise ?
Who unclasp the hooded mantle, hiding face and veiling eyes ?

MAGDALENA's cheeks are glowing with her lover's kisses warm,
And his manly arms close folding round her lithe and yielding form ;
Nature owns no paltry barrier, love has conquered pride of birth,
And their wedded souls in spirit know no other bond on earth.

Wrapt in bliss of love's elysium — answering pulse and beating heart —
Fame and name and life forgotten, e'en the law that bids them part ;
Who can prove that MAGDALENA walks alone in strango disguise ?
Who unclasp the hooded mantle, hiding face and veiling eyes ?

MAGDALENA's fame is sullied, like her robes with highway dust :
Scribes and Pharisees proclaim her sin and shame before the JUST.
Fair and high-born MAGDALENA, drooping form and head low bowed,
Guilty captive, at the mercy of a coarse, vindictive crowd,
Clamoring for the law of MOSES, so to stone her till she dies ;
Waiting judgment from the MASTER — life or death as HE replies.
Spies have proved that MAGDALENA walks alone in strange disguise,
Torn away the hooded mantle hiding face and veiling eyes.

MAGDALENA scorned the ruler — he it was who hired the spies,
Into all her secrets prying, forcing off her strange disguise,
Tearing from the fond embraces of her lover's folding arms,
Forcing her from love's protection, rudely railing at her charms,
Bringing her within the temple with her head and bosom bare,
No disguise to hide her blushes, save her veil of golden hair.
Spies have proved that MAGDALENA walks alone in strange disguise,
Torn away the hooded mantle hiding face and veiling eyes.

MAGDALENA stands in terror, with her small hands tightly pressed,
Hiding with those waves of glory half the beauty of her breast :
Torn her robes and lost her sandals, vain she hides her gleaming feet ;
Guilt ne'er brought so fair a captive, pleading at a mercy-seat.
HE who never knew the passion of the sinner's throbbing soul
Bows His spotless head in pity as her tears of anguish roll.
Spies have proved that MAGDALENA walks alone in strange disguise,
Torn away the hooded mantle hiding face and veiling eyes.

MAGDALENA's eyes are heavy with their penitential tears,
As she gazes on the MASTER and His words of mercy hears ;
Sees the hideous crowd before her, dropping each their vengeful stone,
Gliding out with guilty faces, leaving her with HIM alone.
JESUS, when the last had left her, gazed in pity on her face,
Gave assurance of His pardon by His looks and words of grace :
Gave His strength to MAGDALENA, strength to walk without disguise,
His large soul of purest love-light dried her penitential eyes.

MAGDALENA's robes are floating in the pathway of the just,
Spotless seam and hem protected from the earth's corrosive rust ;
Pride of wealth and pride of nature made subservient to the good,
Thousands bless the unknown giver for the boon of daily food ;
And the manly fisher, leaving tent and net and fisher's rod,
Follows as a meek disciple, worshipping the SON of God.
In His strength walks MAGDALENA evermore without disguise,
Faithful to the hand that saved her, and His love-light in her eyes !

A NEW THEORY OF BOHEMIANS.

 BY CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED, (CARL BENSON.)

LAST spring: the spring of 1860, I mean — if this communication waits as long as *some* of mine have done, it may be spring before last, or spring before that, when it is published — in the spring of 1860, I say, it was rumored in New-York that a club of Bohemians had been established on the European principle; an idea which provoked much ridicule from some of the Europeans settled among us. This set Carl Benson a-thinking (for he does perform that operation sometimes, and it was not the first time he had performed it on the very same subject) about the *differentia* of the Bohemian — what he is and what he is not, what properly constitutes him, and whether he is a specific product of a particular city, as the European critics alluded to seem to think, or one of all civilized countries.

The name, if not invented, was at least fixed in circulation by Henry Murger. His 'Bohemian Life' was published some fifteen years since, and about half as long ago Carl Benson translated it *in tutta la sua parte sana*, according to the Italian editors' phrase — that is to say, rather less than half of it — for the KNICKERBOCKER, as some of the KNICKERBOCKER's readers may or may not remember. The term was of course borrowed from the Gypsies, and his Bohemians led a precarious, Gypsy-like existence. Artists and authors (in intention at least) with no capital but their wits, they struggled on till they had fairly made their way into decent, tax-paying society, and were *Gypsies of Art* no longer, or else succumbed in the struggle and perished miserably. Never having read 'Friends of Bohemia,' or other English works, in which the same class is specially treated of, I am unable to say how closely this type has been followed by Anglo-Saxon writers, but I suspect they took substantially the same view of Bohemian life as the idealization of vagabondism. A light heart and a thin pair of breeches will go through all the world, my brave boys, as the old song had it a long while before Henry Murger. Or in the words of the German ballad, which you will find at the end of this treatise, The bore of life is fiddled, smoked and slept away. All very well for a time, but some day — generally before you have gone through all the world — the other side of the account-book is turned over. Suppose Justice Oldmixon puts you in the stocks for a vagrant. Suppose there is no money to smoke with; for even the cheapest tobacco costs something. You may sleep, to be sure; and he who sleeps dines, on the authority of the French proverb; but does he who sleeps also smoke? Even the fiddle-strings will wear out in time, and you can't 'rosin the bow' without the chino. So does insulted respectability find its revenges brought about by time's whirligig.

Bohemianism, then, we see considered by its first historians as a necessarily transient state, which men must get out of or be swallowed up by; a state of poverty, and incidentally of vice. I say *incidentally* of vice, because its in-

ventors as a *status*, a *metier*, were Frenchmen, and every thing in France must have a spice of vice about it.

Now this I maintain to be a limited and inadequate conception of Bohemianism. It is not necessarily a state of poverty, (if by poverty you mean want of substantial comforts,) still less of vice, that is, of dissipation. It is not necessarily a transition state; on the contrary, people are born to it, and live and die in it. Sala, it appears to me, first hinted at the truth of the case when he talked of a Bohemian going home at ten o'clock to read Plato and take water-gruel. Paradoxical it must have seemed to many of his readers, but nevertheless literally true. There *are* Bohemians who go home at ten o'clock to read Plato and drink water-gruel. There are Bohemians with houses and lands and rent-rolls and government stocks. Nay, there are Bohemians who keep their accounts and their appointments with rarely deviating regularity. And Bohemianism, I repeat, is not a phase, a transitory period of a man's life, but the whole of it. The Bohemian may be born poor, and die rich, or *vice versa*: he is always a Bohemian.

But who and what, then, is the Bohemian, you may ask. Define him at once, or we find it more difficult to tell who is *not* a Bohemian than who is. Well then, I proceed to my definition.

A Bohemian is a man with literary or artistic tastes, and an incurable proclivity to debt.

To many members of our mercantile community the second head of this definition would appear to be merely a natural sequence from the first. It has long been a doctrine on 'Change that authors and artists and such people are bound to be in debt and difficulty and more or less risk of starvation all their lives. But this is a fallacy of juxtaposition and imperfect generalization which it is not worth while to confute seriously or at length. Look at a fashionable English portrait-painter, or indeed at an English artist generally. Can there be any thing less Bohemian? How many Wilkies do we find for one Haydon? Look at our own literary men. How many Bancrofts and Prescotts and Everetts are there for one Poe!

On the other hand, it is evident that the unfortunate propensity to run in debt, is not confined to literary men and artists, but is common to some of them with many men of all and of no profession, utterly innocent of any artistic or literary pretension or performance. This again is so obvious, that to enlarge upon it would be merely platitudinous.

But why does the Bohemian get into debt, since it is not in virtue of his profession? The answer to this question will develop the constituent points of the Bohemian character.

In the first place, the Bohemian is always a man with a hobby. He may have more than one, but one he must have, and that not a mere theoretic and speculative, but a substantial, material, money-costing hobby. It may be larger or smaller according to his means and position, but is very apt to be too large for those means, whatever they are. If he is a rich man, he may be fond of horse-flesh, which is not an illiterate taste as some over-wise people would have you believe; or he may have a mania for collecting pictures, of which even *good* artists are not necessarily the best judges; or a weakness for fine

furniture and jewelry ; many great authors have run into such seemingly feminine extravagances. If poor, he will have some smaller weakness, but one equally fatal in proportion to his income. Men have ruined themselves buying pipes. La Brunie, who wrote under the name of *Gerard de Nerval*, was in this respect perhaps the most finished type of the Bohemian. He had garrets full of curiosities and *bric-a-brac*, and no certain daily means of procuring a dinner. At last he was found hanging in one of his garrets. He would sooner part with life than part with his curiosities, or give up the habit of collecting them. Of course such manias are not the peculiar property of authors and artists ; most readers of sporting literature are familiar with the story of the clerk who lived on offal in a granary-loft, that he might keep his hounds and horses, and a more common example is that of the inveterate gambler. But the Bohemian is a literary or artistic man with a hobby ; though it must be observed that his hobby is not necessarily connected with literature or art.

Moreover, it is necessary that his hobby, or weakness, or whatever you choose to call it — his ‘wanity,’ as Sam Weller would say — should not be a profitable one. The man who collects pictures, or books, or horses — curiosities or animals of any sort — with a view to selling them again, is the very reverse of a Bohemian. There are many such speculative collectors to be found ; Paris is particularly flush of them just now. They are only a variety of Barnum. It is true that the real Bohemian’s reckless expenditure may sometimes, by pure accident, turn out to his pecuniary advantage. Thus there is a story of Balzac how he had once very absurdly furnished his parlor all in white satin with magnificent chandeliers, and some jolly friends dining with him had lighted up the chandeliers ‘to see the effect.’ Suddenly a publisher ‘happened in,’ and was so struck by (what appeared to be) the author’s daily luxury that he made him a huge offer for his next romance. But these are only accidental hits ; the Bohemian’s hobby is necessarily an expensive and very likely a ruinous one.

Now do n’t fancy that I disapprove of hobbies. On the contrary, I believe in them immensely. Every man ought to have a hobby, provided he can keep it within bounds, and does n’t ride it over other peoples’ toes. The misfortune is, that the Bohemian’s hobby can’t be kept within bounds, but is always tending to eat its own head off and outrun the constable. Here, then, we have the first reason why the Bohemian must and will get into debt.

Secondly, the Bohemian is generous ; free of his money when he has any, and sometimes when he has not. There are plenty of men who live ‘about’ on society generally, and contrive to support themselves at the expense of others ; some of these are literary men, or *soi-disant* ones ; there may be some *quasi*-artists among them too ; but they are not Bohemians, (though sometimes erroneously confounded with the real article,) they are only sponges.

Thirdly, beside these particular debt-incurring traits, the Bohemian has a general inaptitude for business. Not merely a distaste for business details — this he may have and often has — but even if he has brought himself to conquer this dislike, nay, even if he has it not, (for there are Bohemians, rather methodical than otherwise, as we have already remarked,) he always makes a mess of his business.

This incapacity for business is by 'men of the world' and men of the ledger frequently attributed to all votaries of art and literature indiscriminately; and some literary men have accepted the imputation, and rather gloried in it. Thus, Alphonse Karr allows it as the most natural thing in the world that a novelist should know nothing of any other *figures* than those of metaphor, and he illustrates the position by some odd comparisons. The *danseuse*, he says, develops her legs at the expense of her chest; so the literary man develops his brains at the expense of his — chest, he probably would have said only the pun can't be made in French. But this rule (as we also have had occasion to remark previously) is subject to so many limitations and exceptions that it cannot be considered a general rule at all. No doubt a lad who has been stuck into a counting-house at seventeen will know more of book-keeping and trade at twenty-one, than if he had passed that time at a university, or in an *atelier*. So too an author plunged suddenly into any business matter — made a consul, for instance — may find himself at first awkward in the routine. But it is a long jump from this to the conclusion that the scholar or the painter is *ipso facto* incompetent to manage his private business, or a reasonable amount of public business. *Some* scholars and writers and painters are, and these *some* are the Bohemians. How many such young men have I seen put into, or putting themselves into, mercantile harness, working for years *invita Minerva* enough, God knows! but diligently and conscientiously, only at last to ruin themselves and others. And when they *were* ruined, and thoroughly given up to Bohemianism, they were happier than before; and the business world was happier too, to be rid of them. Their un-Bohemian period of life had been a dead loss to themselves and to society. If the phrenologists could only invent an organ of Bohemianism, and prevent such persons from being placed by mistaken parents upon counting-house stools, destined to be real stools of repentance; or placing themselves in 'firms,' which are any thing but firm, what a blessing it would be to all concerned! But of course the phrenologists can't, any more than they can do any thing else of real practical utility.

Having thus defined the subject of our investigation, we have next to consider whether the popular prejudice against him on the ground of *vice* is justly founded.

Theoretically, and in the abstract nature of things, there is no reason why it should be. So far as a man is artistic or literary, he is *pro tanto* provided with resources and mental occupation, and is so far better protected against the temptations of gross animal vice than the mere man of business who has no intellectual resources outside of his ordinary occupation. A man's taste, though it can never be a substitute for religion and morality, may often be a valuable auxiliary to them. True, we can imagine a man taking up vice artistically, plunging into the haunts of dissipation that he may be able to portray them graphically, or even deliberately committing sin in order to study its effect upon himself and his fellow-sinner. So *Firmilian* murders his friends and blows up the cathedral in order to realize and analyze the feelings of an assassin and incendiary. But the Firmilians are rare and monstrous ex-

ceptions, and can scarcely occur save in a thoroughly diseased condition of society.

The source of the connection in the popular mind of one particular form of immorality with Bohemianism, we have already hinted at. The Bohemian was first taken from the Parisian point of view, and all society taken from that point of view, (except perhaps some purely poetic and utopian state,) is equally immoral. If *Murger's* artist tenants have their mistresses, the *bourgeois* landlord (a married man too) has his. This count of the indictment then we may summarily dismiss.

Drunkenness is another vice charged upon the Bohemian, especially by those who, ignorantly or malevolently, confound jollity with drunkenness. Here again the exceptions are constantly made to serve for the rule; a Jarvis or a Poe is obstinately represented as the type of a whole class. A lot of laughers and quaffers are set down as an *orgie*, though their potations may be nothing stronger than *Lager*. This much I admit, that your true Bohemian generally has in him a *potentiality* of drink, not an *energy* or *entelechy* constantly acting, but a *dynamis* (how is our friend T. L., by the way?) enabling him to enjoy his liquor on proper occasions, though most nights he may go home early to his water-gruel (like Sala's example) or tea or orgeat. In teetotalers' eyes the Bohemian is lost and condemned. But we are not writing for teetotalers.

Smoking is another vice popularly attributed to the Bohemian. It certainly is a common Bohemian habit. The grave and important question, how far this practice is necessarily a vice, would demand a separate treatise. Let us merely remark that some of the usual objections to it are much the reverse of fact; as when it is said that smoking directly encourages drinking, whereas the case is just the contrary. Nothing has done more to put down after-dinner tipping than the segar. As to the *excess* of the practice, let us notice with special reference to the Bohemian, that the man who works or talks *with interest*, putting his whole mind into his work or talk, is much less likely, nay, much less *able* to smoke excessively than he who works mechanically, and whose mind is idle during the intervals of repose.

A modern school of reformers do indeed maintain that drinking and smoking are always excesses; that there is no such thing as temperance in the use of wine and tobacco, all indulgence, however limited, in those articles, being intemperance, and tending to shorten life. Possibly, in a certain sense, they do so tend; and probably the creed of these philosophers was never so pithily summed up as in the advice of *Punch's* Scotchman to his son: 'Wear thick shoes, eat oat-meal porridge, and walk ten miles a day; thus you may live a hundred years, *and enjoy the last year as much as the first.*' The question is, what such a man's life is worth. He can hardly be said to have *gelebt und geliebet*.

One vice, indeed, the Bohemian must have; it is an essential part of his character and definition. He must be normally and habitually in debt. A terrible thing to be in debt, no doubt, and a great theme to moralize on. One's children, and society, and the bad example, and so forth. Unfortunately, it is with some people a natural infirmity, perhaps an hereditary one; men are born

to get into debt, and so born Bohemians, as I said. Now here again, if the wise phrenologists could only invent an organ of get-into-debt-iveness — that and *philippism*, and a great many other propensities stronger than most of those in their charts, they have never been able to locate. Perhaps after all, though, it is as well that these unfortunates cannot be labelled for life beforehand, have hay put on their horns, (*foenum in cornu*,) at the risk of being prematurely cut off. Well, go read 'Panurge's Apology for Debt,' and while you are looking for it in your 'Rabelais,' remember that I do n't more than half believe that dogmatic adage about 'being just before,' etc. I am not by any means sure that it is always better to be just (in the sense implied by the adage) than to be generous. There is Lamartine, one of the real kings of Bohemia, a man certainly not profligate, certainly not idle, but always in pecuniary difficulties. That is a generous man. Now on the other side, take a Jew tailor; he is a just man in the mercantile sense, agrees with his laborers for a penny, or ten-pence a day, as the case may be, pays them that theirs is, and does what he likes with his own, as is lawful. Which would you rather be — I mean apart from all reference to the former's literary reputation; merely looking at the conscience and feelings of the two men — Lamartine or the Jew tailor?

One point remains, too important to be passed over in silence; the relation of woman to the Bohemian life. It is a delicate question. My own opinion (which I express with diffidence, and which to some readers will appear not the least novel position in my novel theory) is that women are not fit for Bohemians. They are flowers too delicate for the violent extremes of the Bohemian climate. They can't stand the ups-and-downs. When women have to pass from luxury to privation, (positive or comparative,) they are in danger either of losing their temper, or of going to the bad altogether. Moreover, it is difficult for a woman, without some loss of delicacy, to be very unconventional, and that is just what a Bohemian is apt to be. Indeed, it is so general a trait of the Bohemian character, that I had at first some thoughts of adding it to the definition, thus: 'A Bohemian is a man with literary or artistic tastes, an incurable proclivity to debt, and a strong disbelief in Mrs. Grundy.' I fancy women must believe a little in Mrs. Grundy. This unconventionalism is, after all, the crying sin of the Bohemian in many people's eyes, because they vaguely imagine it to include and *connote* almost every possible vice. All things considered, I am inclined to think that when a man has the misfortune (for misfortune on some accounts it certainly is) to be a Bohemian born, it is better for him and for society that he should light upon a wife of rather anti-Bohemian tendencies to keep his house in order.

I am well aware that not only the above opinion, but the whole theory of this essay, may be strongly contested. It may be considered an unfounded pretension on my part to admission among the Knights of the — what Table? *No* Table at all, most probably, like the *soirée* of Murger's hero, *where they could only sit down metaphorically*. Certainly I do claim to be a Bohemian, as a literary man by profession and (after a fashion) practice, and as never having been out of debt but twice since the age of sixteen. Once I recollect having had a balance at my banker's; they stopped payment immediately after, which I accepted as a judgment and a lesson. Nevertheless, if any of Old Knick's

readers refuse to accept my claim or my theory, and cling obstinately to the old pre-conceived type of Bohemian, let us present them with this ballad as a peace-offering in accordance with their own conception of the subject. It has already appeared once in print, but where the un-Bohemian portion of KNICK's subscribers would hardly think of going to look for it; besides, it has received a few touchings-up for its new destination. Strike up, fiddlers! Hats off in front, and small boys will please to sit down. Do n't be frightened at the rhythm; it goes to an air from Wagner's 'Music of the Future:'

The Three Gypsies.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LENAÜ.

ONCE I came upon Gypsies three,
In a green spot together,
As my carriage dragged wearily
Over the sandy heather.

One in his hands a fiddle had got,
All to himself—more pity!
The evening sun shone round him hot,
As he played a fiery ditty.

The second had a pipe in his mouth;
He looked at the smoke, as jolly
As if upon earth, from north to south,
All else to him was folly.

The third one's banjo hung on a tree,
The wind o'er its strings was sweeping;
A dream swept over his soul, while he
Beneath lay cosily sleeping.

For clothes the three had around them curled
Mere tatters and rags most various;
But they laughed no less at all the world,
Its honors and joys precarious.

*Three-fold they showed me, as there they lay,
How those who take life in the true sense,
Fiddle it, smoke it, and sleep it away,
And trebly despise its nuisance.*

As I went on I had to look back,
Watching those curious creatures,
Watching their locks of hair, jet black,
And their merry dark-brown features.

Paris, December, 1860.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE REV. DR. ALEXANDER CARLYLE, for Forty Years Minister of Inveresk, Scotland: containing Memorials of the Men and Events of his Time. In one Volume: pp. 471. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

THIS autobiography has all the charming simplicity and directness of GALT'S '*Annals of the Parish*,' one of the most delightful works, in its peculiar kind, which has issued from the British press, 'within all these modern-former or recently-later years.' The editor says, in half-a-dozen lines, by way of 'Advertisement,' that 'the work requires no introduction to the reader's attention:' and it does n't: for whoever catches a glimpse of the attractions of the interior, will not be disposed patiently to listen to any details intended to detain him on the threshold. The author begins his biography as he is entering upon the seventy-ninth year of his age; and what is most wonderful, he continues it, with its multitudinous incidents and details, with unabated interest to the very last page. We have read no volume, certainly nothing of its class, for a score of years, which so forcibly attracted, and so richly rewarded, attention and perusal. The epitaph of the venerable autobiographist, (written by his friend ADAM FERGUSON, and which appropriately composes the last page of the volume,) records the fact, that he was born on the twenty-sixth of January, 1722, and died on the twenty-fifth of August, 1805; 'having thus lived in a period of great lustre to the country in arts and arms, in literature and science, and in freedom, religious and civil.' When the autobiography was carried to its last point, in the writer's hands, we are told by his editor, that 'the pen literally dropped from the writer's dying hand.' Dr. CARLYLE saw the PORTEOUS Mob, in Edinburgh, which SCOTT has immortalized in 'The Heart of Midlothian;' he was at the 'Battle of Prestonpans;' he saw the entrance of Prince CHARLES into Edinburgh; (for 'Wha'll be King but CHARLIE?') was out with the Volunteers in 'the '45,' and witnessed the capture of the Scottish capital; he knew well all the great ecclesiastical leaders of his day and generation in Scotland: he knew DAVID HUME; was intimate with SMOLLETT, ADAM FERGUSON, ADAM SMITH, Dr. ROBERTSON, BLAIR, HOME, author of the tragedy of 'DOUGLAS;' and other the like men of mark, and later renown, in his eventful time.

Now let us proceed to show, by a few excerpts and extracts, what an admirable limner of character and painter of scene and incident, was the *ancient* CARLYLE, and how differently *effective* was his manner, from the modern CARLYLE. We may begin with our brief passages and extracts any where; for

there are not ten consecutive pages in the book which we have not dogs'-eared or pencilled as we read. Let us string a few sentences of personal description together, to show how forcibly and felicitously, and yet with what extraordinary brevity the writer brings a lively portrait before the reader. Speaking (while describing a tour on the Border, in his boyhood) of a certain Colonel GARDINER, he says, 'He married Lady FRANCIS ERSKINE, one of the daughters of the Earl of BUCHAN, a lively little deformed woman, very religious, and a great breeder.' a graphic but odd grouping of characteristics. Lady BRIDEKIRK 'was a very large and powerful virago, about forty years of age. She received us with much kindness and hospitality: for the brandy-bottle, a Scotch pint, made its appearance immediately, and we were obliged to take our '*morning*,' as she called it, which was indeed the universal fashion of the country at that time. The lady herself was said to be able to empty one of those large bottles of brandy, smuggled from the Isle of Man, at a single sitting. She was like a sergeant of foot in woman's clothes, or rather like an over-grown coachman, of a Quaker persuasion.' The Boy himself, instead of the Man of three-score-and-ten, might have penned the following:

'In the evening we went to visit an old gentleman, a cousin of my father's, JAMES CARLYLE of Brakenwhate, who had been an officer in JAMES II.'s time, and threw up his commission at the Revolution rather than take the oaths. He was a little, fresh-looking old man of eighty-six, very lively in conversation, and particularly fond of my father. His house, which was not much better than a cottage, though there were two rooms above stairs as well as below, was full of guns and swords, and other warlike instruments. He had been so dissolute in his youth that his nickname in the country was JAMIE GARLOOSE. His wife, who appeared to be older than himself, though she was seven years younger, was of a very hospitable disposition. This small house being easily filled, I went to bed in the parlor while the company were at supper. But, tired as I was, it was long before I fell asleep; for as my father had told me that I was to sleep with my cousin, I was in great fear that it would be the old woman. Weariness overcame my fear, however, and I did not awake till the tea-things were on the table, and did not know that it was the old gentleman who slept with me till my father afterward told me, which relieved me from my anxious curiosity.'

Of the family of his grandfather he mentions the following incident, which forcibly evinces his wonderful tenacity of memory:

'In my infancy I had witnessed the greatest trial they had ever gone through. Their eldest son, a youth of eighteen, who had studied at Glasgow College, but was to go to the Divinity Hall at Edinburgh in winter 1724, to be near my father, then removed to Prestonpans, went to Dumfries to bid farewell to his second sister, Mrs. BELL, and left the town in a clear frosty night in the beginning of December, but, having missed the road about a mile from Dumfries, fell into a peat-pot, as it is called, and was drowned. He was impatiently expected at night, and next morning. My brother and I had got some half-pence to give him to purchase some sugar-plums for us, so that we were not the least impatient of the family. What was our disappointment, when, about eleven o'clock, information came that he had been drowned and our comfits lost. This I mention merely to note at what an early age interesting events make an impression on children's memories; for I was then only two years and ten months old, and to this day I remember it as well as any event of my life.'

When sent to the College of Edinburgh, in November, 1735, Dr. CARLYLE was placed in a house in Edinburgh, 'where there was very good company:' we should think so: JOHN WITHERSPOON, for example, the celebrated doctor, Sir JOHN DALRYMPLE, and JOHN MAXWELL, 'remarkably tall, well-made, and one of the handsomest youths of his time,' with such 'gentle manners and so soft a temper, that nobody could then foresee that he was to prove one of the bravest officers in the allied army under Prince FERDINAND, in 1759.' Of Sir JOHN DALRYMPLE, however, there is not so good a report: 'It is sufficient to

say, that the blossom promised better fruit.' In the College the writer was entered in the class of one KERR, 'Professor of Humanity,' who 'like other school-masters, was very partial to his scholars of rank, and having two lords at his class, took great pains to make them (especially the first, for the second was hardly ostensible) appear among the best scholars, which would not do, and only served to make him ridiculous, as well as his young lord.' We hope no such attempt will be made in the case of the intelligent and sensible PRINCE OF WALES, at Oxford: he has pluck enough, and application enough, to win his way, and 'hoe his own row,' we doubt not, among the best of his class-fellows. Of a social gathering at the house of Mr. STEDMAN, a minister in Haddington, East-Lothian, Dr. CARLYLE remarks:

'JOHN WITHERSPOON was of this party, he who was afterward a member of the American Congress, and ADAM DICKSON, who afterward wrote so well on Husbandry. They were both clergymen's sons, but of very different characters; the one open, frank, and generous, pretending only to what he was, and supporting his title with spirit; the other close, and suspicious, and jealous, and always aspiring at a superiority that he was not able to maintain. I used sometimes to go with him for a day or two to his father's house at Gifford Hall, where we passed the day in fishing, to be out of reach of his father, who was very sulky and tyrannical, but who, being much given to gluttony, fell asleep early, and went always to bed at nine, and, being as fat as a porpoise, was not to be awaked, so that we had three or four hours of liberty every night to amuse ourselves with the daughters of the family, and their cousins who resorted to us from the village, when the old man was gone to rest. This JOHN loved of all things; and this sort of company he enjoyed in greater perfection when he returned my visits, when we had still more companions of the fair sex, and no restraint from an austere father; so that I always considered the austerity of manners and aversion to social joy which he affected afterward, as the arts of hypocrisy and ambition; for he had a strong and enlightened understanding, far above enthusiasm, and a temper that did not seem liable to it.'

In several gossiping reminiscences of 'Glasgow Professors and Students,' we have many amusing, and not a few instructive passages: of the latter, perhaps the following may be regarded as an 'ensample:'

'I LIVED this winter in the same house with Dr. ROBERT HAMILTON, Professor of Anatomy, an ingenious and well-bred man; but with him I had little intercourse, except at breakfast now and then, for he always dined abroad. He had a younger brother, a student of divinity, afterward his father's successor at Bothwell, who was vain and showy, but who exposed himself very much through a desire of distinction. He was a relation of Mrs. LEECHMAN's, and it had been hinted to him that the Professor expected a remarkable discourse from him. He accordingly delivered one which gave universal satisfaction, and was much extolled by the Professor. But, very unfortunately for HAMILTON, half-a-dozen of students, in going down a street, resorted to a bookseller's shop, where one of them, taking a volume from a shelf, was struck, on opening the book, to find the first sermon from the text he had just heard preached upon. He read on, and found it was verbatim from beginning to end what he had heard in the hall. He showed it to his companions, who laughed heartily, and spread the story all over the town before night—not soon enough to prevent the vain-glorious orator from circulating two fine copies of it, one among the ladies in the College, and another in the town. What aggravated the folly and imprudence of this young man was, that he was by no means deficient in parts, of which he gave us sundry specimens. His cousin and namesake, JAMES HAMILTON, afterward minister of Paisley, was much ashamed of him, and being a much more sterling man, was able to keep down his vanity ever after. He had submitted his manuscript to the club, and two or three criticisms had been made on it, but he would alter nothing.'

This reminds us of a circumstance we once heard mentioned, of a clergyman, in an 'exchange' with a brother-pastor, preaching the same sermon twice in the same *not* 'oft-frequented' pulpit; and which, at the *last* delivery of it, was found to be a literal copy of one of the best discourses of the eloquent Dr. MASON, of New-York, then just published! This highly 'original' divine had probably not forgotten that he had stolen the sermon, in the first place; but he had failed to 'mark' on the manuscript, (which he had neither 'learned'

nor 'inwardly digested,') that he had delivered it already, on a summer Sunday morning, and in the same place, only two years before! Which 'made it bad,' and showed him 'faulty.' But this in passing: again to the book:

'In the month of March or April this year, having gone down with a merchant to visit New Port-Glasgow, as our dinner was preparing at the inn, we were alarmed with the howling and weeping of half-a-dozen of women in the kitchen, which was so loud and lasting that I went to see what was the matter; when, after some time, I learnt from the calmest among them that a peddler had left a copy of Peden's *Prophecies* that morning, which having read part of, they found that he had predicted woes of every kind to the people of Scotland; and in particular that Clyde would run with blood in the year 1744, which now being some months advanced, they believed that their destruction was at hand. I was puzzled how to pacify them, but calling for the book, I found that the passage which had terrified them was contained in the forty-fourth paragraph, without any allusion whatever to the year; and by this means I quieted their lamentations. Had the intended expedition of Mareschal Saxe been carried into execution in that year, as was intended, their fears might have been realized.'

Simply recorded, and amazingly refreshing to read, is an account which our reverend biographer gives of his visits to the clergy in his future presbytery, 'as the forms required,' before he was 'admitted to trials:' specimens of his reception, and the characters which he met with. He first passed a day at Aberlady, ANDREW DICKSON, minister of the parish:

'Mr. DICKSON was a well-bred formal old man, and was reckoned a good preacher, though lame enough in the article of knowledge, or indeed in discernment. Among the first questions he put to me was, 'Had I read the famous pamphlet, *Christianity not founded on Argument?*' I answered that I had. He replied that certainly that elaborate work was the ablest defence of our holy religion that had been published in our times; and that the author of it, who was unknown to him, deserved the highest praise. I looked surprised, and was going to make him an answer according to my opinion which was that it was the shrewdest attack that ever had been made on Christianity. But his son observed me, and broke in by saying that he had had some disputes with his father on the subject, but now yielded, and had come in to his opinion: I only subjoined, that whoever saw it in that light must subscribe to its superiority. The old gentleman was pleased, and went on descanting on the great merit of this new proof of revealed religion, which was quite unanswerable. Having settled that point, there was no danger of my differing from him in any other of his notions.'

REV. GEORGE MURRAY's, of North-Berwick, ('on Tweed?') was his third 'house-of-call.' He was 'a dry, withered stick, cold and repulsive, and at the age of fifty, as torpid in mind as in body,' but 'not the less to be depended upon, for all that:'

'His wife, however, of the name of REID, the former minister's daughter, by whose interest he got the church, was as swift to speak as he was slow; and as he never interrupted her, she kept up the conversation, such as it was, without ceasing, except that her household affairs took her sometimes out of the room, when he began some metaphysical argument, but dropped it the moment she appeared, for he said ANNIE did not like those subjects. I longed to be in bed, and took the first opportunity of a cessation in ANNIE's clapper to request to be shown to my room: this was complied with about eleven; but the worthy man accompanied me, and being at last safe and at liberty, he began a conversation on liberty and necessity, and the foundation of morals, and the Deistical controversy, that lasted till two in the morning. I got away time enough next day to reach Haddington before dinner, having passed by Athelstaneford, where the minister, MR. ROBERT BLAIR, author of 'The Grave,' was said to be dying slowly; or, at any rate, was so austere and void of urbanity as to make him quite disagreeable to young people. His wife, who was in every respect the opposite, was frank and open, and uncommonly handsome; yet, even with her allurements and his acknowledged ability, his house was unfrequented. I passed on to Haddington, and dined with MR. EDWARD STEDMAN, a man of first-rate sense and ability, and the leader of the presbytery. We called on his father-in-law, MR. PATRICK WILKIE, who had as little desire to examine young men as he had capacity to judge of their proficiency.'

The last call which MR. CARLYLE made in this town, was upon MATTHEW SIMSON, of Pencaitland. He was an old man—frank, open and familiar: he was an excellent examiner, for 'he answered all his own questions, and con-

cluded all with a receipt for making sermons, which he said would serve as a general rule, and answer well, be the text what it would. This was to begin first with an account of the fall of man, and the depravity of human nature; then a statement of the means of our recovery by the grace of our LORD JESUS CHRIST; and, thirdly, an application consisting of observations, or uses, or reflections, or practical references tending to make us good men. For my patient hearing, he made me a present of a pen-case of his own turning, and added, if I would come and stay a week with him he would teach *me* to turn, and converse over the system with me, for he saw I was tolerably well founded, as my father was an able Calvinist.'

Passing his return to Glasgow, and a lively picture of 'College Theatricals,' we come to the annexed marked passage. 'PEGGY DOUGLAS of Mains' was a celebrated wit and beauty, although at that time rather in the wane. Our author, with some friends, 'went on a party,' where the lady met a Mr. THOMAS CLELLAND, a clergyman of a neighboring parish:

'THOMAS CLELLAND was a good-looking little man, but his hair was becoming gray, which no sooner MARGARET observed, than she rallied him pretty roughly (which was her way) on his being an old fusty bachelor, and on his increasing marks of age since she had seen him, not more than a year before. After bearing patiently all the efforts of her wit, 'MARGARET,' says he, 'you know that I am master of the parish register where your age is recorded, and that I know when you must be with justice called an old maid, in spite of your juvenile airs.' 'What care I, Tom?' said she; 'for I have for some time renounced your worthless sex: I have sworn to be Duchess of DOUGLAS, or never to mount a marriage-bed.' This happened in May, 1745. She made her purpose good. When she made this prediction she was about thirty. It was fulfilled a few years after.'

She was married a few years afterward to the last Duke of DOUGLAS; and when she died, sixteen years subsequently, she 'left a traditional reputation for much freedom of speech and action.' We 'should n't be surprised!'

We can present no better evidence of the keen perception of character of Dr. CARLYLE, than the following, all of which occur within a score or two of pages:

'SIR GEORGE SUTTIE was much overrated. He was held to be a great officer, because he had a way of thinking of his own, and had learned from his kinsman, Marshal STAIR, to draw the plan of a campaign. He was held to be a great patriot, because he wore a coarse coat and unpowdered hair, while he was looking for a post with the utmost anxiety. He was reckoned a man of much sense because he said so himself, and had such an embarrassed stuttering elocution that one was not sure but it was true. He was understood to be a great improver of land, because he was always talking of farming, and had invented a cheap method of fencing his fields by combining a low stone-wall and a hedge together, which, on experiment, did not answer.'

'DAVID HUME was living at this time in Edinburgh, and composing his 'History of Great Britain.' He was a man of great knowledge, and of a social and benevolent temper, and truly the best-natured man in the world. He was branded with the title of Atheist, on account of the many attacks on revealed religion that are to be found in his philosophical works, and in many places of his History,—the last of which are still more objectionable than the first, which a friendly critic might call only skeptical. Appropos of this, when Mr. ROBERT ADAM, the celebrated architect, and his brother, lived in Edinburgh with their mother, an aunt of Dr. ROBERTSON'S, and a very respectable woman, she said to her son: 'I shall be glad to see any of your companions to dinner, but I hope you will never bring the Atheist here to disturb my peace.' But ROBERT soon fell on a method to reconcile her to him, for he introduced him under another name, or concealed it carefully from her. When the company parted she said to her son: 'I must confess that you bring very agreeable companions about you, but the large jolly man who sat next me is the most agreeable of them all.' 'This was the very Atheist,' said he, 'mother, that you was so much afraid of.' 'Well,' says she, 'you may bring him here as much as you please, for he's the most innocent, agreeable, facetious man I ever met with.'

The Doctor thinks HUME to have been more a *professed* than a *real* skeptic. He himself admitted as much, on one occasion, to his friend Mr. BOYLE: 'Though I throw out my speculations,' said DAVID, 'to entertain and employ the learned and metaphysical world, yet in other things I do not think so differently from the rest of mankind as you may imagine.' Here are two finely-contrasted portraits of ROBERTSON and BLAIR:

'ROBERTSON had so great a desire to shine himself, that I hardly ever saw him patiently bear any body else's showing-off but Dr. JOHNSON and GARRICK. BLAIR, on the contrary, though capable of the most profound conversation, when circumstances led to it, had not the least desire to shine, but was delighted beyond measure to show other people in their best guise to his friends. 'Did not I show you the lion well to-day?' used he to say after the exhibition of a remarkable stranger. For a vain man, he was the least envious I ever knew. He had truly a pure mind, in which there was not the least malignity; for though he was of a quick and lively temper, and apt to be warm and impatient about trifles, his wife, who was a superior woman, only laughed, and his friends joined her. Though ROBERTSON was never ruffled, he had more animosity in his nature than BLAIR. They were both reckoned selfish by those who envied their prosperity, but on very unequal grounds; for though BLAIR talked selfishly enough sometimes, yet he never failed in generous actions.'

'I HAD frequent opportunities of being in company with GARRICK, while in London. As his vanity and interestedness had made him digest the mortification of seeing 'Douglas' (which he had declined, as 'totally unfit for the stage') triumphantly successful, so JOHN HOME's facility, and the hopes of getting GARRICK to play in future tragedies, made him forgive GARRICK's former want of taste and judgment, and they were now become the greatest friends. GARRICK, although not of an understanding of the first, nor of the highest cultivated mind, had great vivacity and quickness, and was very entertaining company. Though vanity was his prominent feature, and a troublesome and watchful jealousy the constant visible guard of his reputation to a ridiculous degree, yet his desire to oblige, his want of arrogance, and the delicacy of his mimicry, made him very agreeable. He had no affected reserve, but, on the least hint, would start up at any time and give the company one of his best speeches. As GARRICK had been in Dublin when I was in London in 1746, I assiduously attended him at this time, and saw him in all his principal parts, both in tragedy and comedy. He used to say himself, that he was more at home in comedy than in tragedy, and I was of his opinion. I thought I could conceive something more perfect in tragedy, but in comedy he completely filled up my ideas of perfection.'

'We supped one night in Edinburgh, with the celebrated Dr. FRANKLIN, at Dr. ROBERTSON's house, then at the head of the Cowgate, where he had come at Whitsunday, after his being translated to Edinburgh. Dr. FRANKLIN had his son with him; and beside WIGHT and me, there were DAVID HUME, Dr. CULLEN, ADAM SMITH, and two or three more. WIGHT and FRANKLIN had met and breakfasted together in the inn at —, without learning one another's names, but they were more than half acquainted when they met here. WIGHT, who could talk at random on all sciences without being very deeply skilled in any, took it into his head to be very eloquent on chemistry, a course of which he had attended in Dublin; and perceiving that he diverted the company, particularly FRANKLIN, who was a silent man, he kept it up with CULLEN, then professor of that science, who had imprudently committed himself with him, for the greatest part of the evening, to the infinite diversion of the company, who took great delight in seeing the great Professor foiled in his own science by a novice. FRANKLIN's son was open and communicative, and pleased the company better than his father; and some of us observed indications of that decided difference of opinion between father and son which, in the American war, alienated them altogether.'

'ON my return from Dumfries, JOHN HOME introduced me, at the bowling-green in Moffat, to M^r PHERSON, author of 'Ossian.' He was good-looking, of a large size, with very thick legs, to hide which he generally wore boots, though not then in the fashion. He appeared to me proud and reserved, and shunned dining with us, on some pretence. I knew him intimately afterward. He showed us some unfinished fragments of the poems of OSSIAN, with which HOME had been highly delighted; and when he showed them to me, I was perfectly astonished at the genius displayed in them. We agreed that it was a precious discovery, and that as soon as possible it should be published to the world.'

We ought to pause here, and we must; because we are already at the end of our tether. But *read* the book which we have been considering. The writer was 'an old trump.' He slode on softly to a good old age, and up to the last,

as he himself avers, could preach 'like a son of thunder.' Much did he travel and 'visit' during his young manhood, and his forty years' ministry — many were his guests, and on *both* sides, visited and visitors, all were of the right superior stamp. He was a noble-looking gentleman, too: with his portly figure, his fine expressive countenance, with an aquiline nose, flowing silver locks, and charming fulness and smoothness of face. The pencil of REYBURN has left all these for our admiration; and an excellent engraver has perpetuated them as a frontispiece to the well-printed volume of which, even now, we with reluctance take our leave.

PERSONAL HISTORY OF LORD BACON. From Unpublished Papers. By WILLIAM HEPPORTH DIXON, of the Inner Temple. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS. 1861.

Few works could be more welcome to American scholars than a well-executed personal history of Lord BACON. Such, clearly, is the one before us; and we are no less happy than the author that MESSRS. TICKNOR AND FIELDS have given him 'the opportunity of pleading before the American public for the good fame of one who, dear as he is to the Old World, has an especial claim on the sympathies of the new.' Concerning the intellectual greatness of BACON, his wit, genius, learning, scholarship, and great legal abilities, there has never been but one opinion. But men have differed considerably in their estimates of his moral character. Ever since ALEXANDER POPE characterized him as

'The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind,'

a line 'over which fools have grinned and rogues have rubbed their palms for more than a hundred years,' there have not been wanting grave writers, who have charged him with abjectness, venality and ingratitude — servility in the House of Commons and corruption on the judicial bench. But how to reconcile such moral defects with the nobleness and integrity which every where beam forth from his writings, is the question. Nature may sometimes present strange incongruities side by side, but never in the self-same subject. She never shows us light and darkness dwelling together; she never puts a saint and a devil into one skin; nor can we conceive how a man can be at once an angel and a villain. 'Can you,' inquires Mr. DIXON, 'be good and evil, wise and mean? Gazing on the girl-like face in HILYARD's miniature, conning the deep lore of the Essays, toying with the mirth of the Apothegms, lingering on the tale of a gay and pure, a busy and loving life — how can they who judge by wholes and not by parts, admit that one so eminently wise and good was also a false friend, a venal judge, a dishonest man?'

But the lie against nature in the name of FRANCIS BACON, which broke into high literary force with POPE, was not the only scum that frothed to the head in that day. Few then believed in real nobleness of character. The best intellects were prostituted to the basest purposes. It was an age when RALPH was assailed, and SHAKSPEARE driven from the stage, and VOLTAIRE chosen for counsellor and guide; an age when all serious things, if not banished

entirely from the minds of men, lingered in their memories only to be reviled. Is the verdict of such an age in regard to a character of true nobility to be relied on? Yet such was the prevailing character of the age when PORE winged his poisoned shaft.

But all lies are sure to be hunted down sooner or later; and we rejoice that those about the Father of Experimental Philosophy have at last been overtaken. The very interesting volume before us, which lets us into the personal history and shows us the real character of this extraordinary genius contains a complete refutation of the charge of venality and corruption brought against him, and exposes the machinations by which those incapable of appreciating his goodness or his greatness, sought and effected his overthrow. How well and how tersely the author sets forth the rare combination of talents in BACON and the great superiority of his gifts, may be seen from the following extract:

'BACON seemed born to power. His kinsmen filled the highest posts. The sovereign liked him; for he had the bloom of cheek, the flame of wit, the weight of sense, which the Queen sought in men who stood about her throne. His powers were ever ready, ever equal. Masters of eloquence and epigram praised him as one of them, or one above them, in their peculiar arts. JONSON tells us he commanded when he spoke, and had his judges pleased or angry at his will. RALEIGH tells us he combined the most rare of gifts; for while CECIL could talk and not write, HOWARD write and not talk, he alone could both talk and write. Nor were these gifts all flash and foam. If no one at the Court could match his tongue of fire, so no one in the House of Commons could breast him in the race of work. He put the dunce to flight, the drudge to shame. If he soared high above rivals in his mere passionate play of speech, he never met a rival in the dull, dry task of ordinary toil. RALEIGH, HYDE and CECIL had small chance against him in debate; in committee, YELVERTON and COKE had none. . . . A soft voice, a laughing lip, a melting heart, made him hosts of friends. No child, no woman could resist the spell of his sweet speech, of his tender smile, of his grace without study, his frankness without guile.'

Yet this man of such rare endowments was prevented, through the crafty schemes of his enemies, from securing place or power until he had passed the age of forty-six; while men lower born and with far inferior claims, got posts and honors, solicitorships, judgeships, embassies and portfolios. No doubt it was, as Mr. DIXON suggests, 'his virtues, not his vices, that kept him down so long.' And it is equally clear, from the evidence now before us, that after he had risen it was 'his honesty, tolerance, magnanimity, not his heartlessness, his servility and his corruption, that caused his fall.'

This 'Personal History' is one of exceeding interest, as well on account of the manly and vigorous style in which it is written, as on account of the facts and correspondence it contains, and the clear and forcible statement of the argument in vindication of the good name and fame of BACON. No one can read it attentively without perceiving the dreadful malignity that prompted the charges of fraud and bribery brought against him, the flimsiness of the charges themselves, and the consequent injustice and cruelty of the sentence pronounced upon him. His whole history, as here laid open, and especially his noble, manly and Christian bearing at the time of his trial and subsequent to his conviction, coupled with the known character of the agents in that memorable persecution, and the evidence now patent of the infamous plot against him, leaves no room to doubt that the great Chancellor spoke the simple and honest truth when he wrote: 'I know I have clean hands and a clean heart. . . . My heart tells me I am innocent; that I had no bribe or reward in my eye or thought when I pronounced any sentence or order. . . . Job

himself, or whoever was the justest judge, by such hunting of matters against him as hath been used against me, may for a time seem foul.'

The volume, on the whole, is an admirable vindication of the fair fame of BACON and a complete refutation of the charge of venality and corruption.

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH GARIBALDI, THE LIBERATOR OF ITALY. Complete up to the withdrawal of GARIBALDI to his Island Home after the Neapolitan Campaign, 1860. By O. J. VICTOR. Pp. 100. New-York: BEADLE AND COMPANY, Number 141 William-street.

THIS is No. I. of a contemplated series which the publishers call the 'Dime Biographical Library,' (twenty-five cents, in cloth,) to be issued monthly, and comprising original and authentic biographies of some of the most celebrated characters of modern times. The enterprise is commendable, and can hardly fail to meet with an adequate pecuniary reward. And the selecting of the great Italian patriot and hero as the subject for the commencement of the series, evinces a keen discernment of the wants of the people, on the part of the enterprising publishers.

Few individuals of modern times have commanded more attention by their heroic daring and brilliant achievements on the field of battle than GARIBALDI; and no other man has enlisted the sympathies and won the admiration of all Protestant Christendom at least, to the same extent as he. Gifted with a rare combination of traits—sweetness of temper, modesty and gentleness of manners, manliness of deportment, magnanimity, generosity, self-forgetfulness, unswerving devotion to duty, a courage that knows no danger, an unconquerable resolution, a marvellous sagacity, and a power of endurance truly wonderful—he binds his followers to him with such a magnetic force that they feel it a pleasure to fight, and an honor to die, in his service. Just one of those men whom PROVIDENCE raises up now and then, and prepares, through a varied and sometimes severe discipline, for high and noble achievements. His life has been marked by singular vicissitudes of fortune; yet through them all the one burning desire of his heart—a desire which disappointment and misfortune have seemed only to intensify—has been to see his beloved Italy united, free, and happy. For this end he has lived and labored and dared and suffered; and during the last year, astonished and electrified the civilized world by his extraordinary and brilliant successes.

Conspicuous among the striking traits in GARIBALDI'S character, is the deep and abiding affection which he ever cherished for his mother. He seems almost to have worshipped her, and no wonder; for says his biographer: 'He has affirmed that in the most terrible instances of his life, when the ocean roared under the keel and around the sides of his vessel—when bullets whistled in his ears like the wind of the tempest—when balls showered around him like hail—he saw her on her knees, buried in prayer, bent at the feet of the Most High, for her son's preservation.'

Those who feel that the patriot-hero has borne a charmed life, will have their faith confirmed by his words: 'That which gave me the courage at which people have often expressed astonishment, was the conviction I felt that no harm could happen to me while so good a woman, while such an angel, was praying for me.' What a lesson should this teach to mothers as well as sons!

VIEW OF THE STATE OF EUROPE DURING THE MIDDLE AGES. By HENRY HALLAM, LL.D., F.R.S., Foreign Associate of the Institute of France. In three Volumes: pp. 484, 404, 488. Boston: CROSBY, NICHOLS, LEE AND COMPANY, for WILLIAM VEAZIE. 1861.

EVERY lover of history in our country will welcome joyfully this new American edition of HALLAM's 'Middle Ages'—an edition gotten up in a style so dainty and tempting, with a page so fair and beautiful, and paper of such delicate tint, as to leave nothing for the most fastidious to desire on the score of mechanical execution. Indeed the admirable manner in which the publishers have executed their work in this instance, is certain to increase the readers of history and the lovers of HALLAM; for it cannot be denied that the interest with which most people read a work is, or may be, greatly enhanced by type, paper, page, etc. To get up a book in such style that every body who is able will desire to *possess* it, if not to read it, is quite an art—an art in which it must be confessed some of our Boston publishers particularly excell.

Of HALLAM, as a writer of history, it is unnecessary now to speak. His 'Middle Ages,' first published in 1818, placed him at once among the most eminent of English historians, and gave him a reputation that has since become coëxtensive with our language and literature. And his title to the high position which this work won for him in the field of English historical literature, has never been called in question. The qualifications chiefly requisite in a writer of history are, breadth and accuracy of knowledge, candor and impartiality of judgment, a keen and quick discrimination, and the ability to state facts with clearness, simplicity, liveliness and force. And these qualifications HALLAM possessed in no ordinary degree. In beauty and simplicity of style, he is inferior to HUME; but in amplitude of knowledge and carefulness of statement, as well as in the power of sifting facts and estimating the real value of an authority, he is vastly superior to him. His thoroughness, indeed, coupled with his impartiality and calmness of judgment, renders him one of the most reliable of all historians.

The object of the present work, as stated by the author in his preface to the first edition, is 'to exhibit, in a series of historical dissertations, a comprehensive survey of the chief circumstances that can interest a philosophical inquirer, during the period usually denominated the Middle Ages.' And in the prosecution of his enterprise, he arranges his materials in nine separate chapters, each of which completes the subject whereof it treats, and may be considered in some sense as independent of the rest. The first chapter comprises the history of France, from the invasion of CLOVIS to the expedition of CHARLES VIII. against Naples. The second treats of the Feudal System, its origin and decline. The

four succeeding chapters contain a general sketch of the histories of Italy, Spain, Germany, and of the Greek and Saracenic empires. The seventh aims to develop the progress of ecclesiastical power—a subject eminently distinguishing the Middle Ages. The eighth is devoted to the constitutional history of England. And the ninth relates to the general state of society in Europe during the Middle Ages, comprehending the history of commerce, of manners, and of literature. The present edition is also furnished with valuable supplemental notes, designed to extend the knowledge of the reader, and guide him to the sources of historic truth.

THE PULPIT OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION: OR THE POLITICAL SERMONS OF THE PERIOD OF 1776. With a Historical Introduction, Notes, and Illustrations. By JOHN WINGATE THORNTON, A.M. Boston: GOULD AND LINCOLN, 59 Washington-street. 1860.

WE have in this volume nine sermons, varying from thirty to one hundred and twenty pages in length. Think of the patient endurance of the people in those old revolutionary times, who could listen to a sermon occupying one hundred and twenty closely-printed pages! But possibly more is here printed than was spoken.

These sermons are interesting on several accounts. They are from the pens of some of the most learned and eminent New-England divines, who lived during the stirring times of the American Revolution. They breathe the earnestness, courage and determination of that period, and show the intimate alliance which the Fathers of the Republic held to exist between Politics and Religion. They disclose the fact that the people of those times were not at all averse to the introduction of politics into the pulpit. Indeed they expected it. They held that state affairs ought to be administered religiously; that kings and all others in authority should govern in the fear of the LORD, and according to the eternal principles of justice revealed in His Word; and that it is a part of the duty of a Christian minister to apply the principles of Christianity to governmental affairs. And this duty the ministers of that day seem to have discharged with religious fidelity. They early adopted the cause of the Colonies, which they believed to be the cause of God; and through their eloquent appeals to the consciences and the hearts of the people, and their fearless denunciation of legalized injustice and oppression—holding up the Word of God at all times as the standard of right—they probably contributed more than almost any other class of men to secure for us the blessings of civil liberty. The moral force that achieved our independence, lay chiefly in the Puritan pulpit of that day. If any one is disposed to doubt this, let him read this interesting volume of sermons, together with the Introduction and Notes by Mr. THORNTON, and his doubts will vanish. The work is enriched with a fine portrait of JONATHAN MAYHEW, and a copy of a curious old print, entitled, 'An Attempt to Land a Bishop in America,' which forcibly exhibits the pressure of the times. We commend also the editor's good sense and good taste in preserving fac-similes of the old title-pages, which add considerably to the interest of the volume.

HYMNS FOR MOTHERS AND CHILDREN. Compiled by the Author of 'Violet,' 'Daisy,' etc. Boston: WALKER, WISE AND COMPANY, 345 Washington-street. 1861.

ALL children love poetry, as they do pictures, music and dancing. They are delighted with the rhythm even when they have but an imperfect or indistinct apprehension of the sentiment of the verse. Tell a very little child a story in rhyme, and it will listen attentively; while the same story related in sober prose would awaken little or no interest. Hence we find that children commit to memory a hymn, or other poetry that rhymes, with much greater facility than they do prose compositions; and they remember it, too, much longer. How many can recall, late in life, verses which they learned to repeat in childhood—perhaps before they were able to read—while the prose they could once recite, seems quite obliterated from memory's tablet. This should suggest to parents and teachers the importance of beginning early to store the memories of children with pure and noble sentiments, expressed in a poetical form. We may do much for the little ones in this way—much to shield them against temptation, and make them wise and brave in after-years.

Then why not gather into one or more volumes the choicest selections of poetry that are to be found in our language, adapted to the capacities of childhood—poetry that is calculated to refine, ennoble, and exalt, and therefore is worth remembering? For several years we have been asking this very question (tacitly); and in the exquisite volume now before us, our heart's desire in this direction is fully answered. We learn from the preface that 'the leisure of several years' has been given to the work; and seldom was leisure more wisely or profitably employed. The plan of the compiler, which has been executed with rare taste and judgment, has been 'to collect devout, entertaining and suggestive poetry—morning and evening hymns, and those calculated to stimulate the imagination, refine the taste, and train the child's heart to become strong, humane and brave, as well as keep it gentle, reverent and pure.' Accordingly we have here nearly three hundred pages of the choicest selections of poetry for children of all ages, that we have ever met with—chiefly from the pens of such authors as LONGFELLOW, LOWELL, WHITTIER, WORDSWORTH, BRYANT, LEIGH HUNT, HEBER, MONTGOMERY, Miss H. F. GOULD, Miss BREMER, Mrs. HEMANS, Mrs. FOLLEN, and Mrs. SIGOURNEY. The collection is appropriately introduced by that exquisite gem from LONGFELLOW, on 'Children,' closing with the beautiful lines:

'Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing,
In your sunny atmosphere.

'For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

'Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.'

We wish this volume could be in every family, and read weekly by every mother to her children—and memorized by those old enough to read. It is beautifully illustrated, and the paper and typography well worthy the contents. From such a choice collection of flowers, it is difficult to select. We will snatch one at a venture from the garden of FREDERIKA BREMER, (translated by MARY HOWITT,) whose fragrance all will confess :

Swedish Mother's Hymn.

'THERE sitteth a dove so white and fair,
 All on the lily spray,
 And she listeneth how, to JESUS CHRIST,
 The little children pray.
 Lightly she spreads her friendly wings,
 And to heaven's gate hath sped :
 And unto the FATHER in heaven she bears
 The prayers which the children have said.

'And back she comes from heaven's gate
 And brings—that dove so mild!—
 From the FATHER in heaven who hears her speak,
 A blessing on every child.
 Then children, lift up a pious prayer:
 It hears whatever you say,
 That heavenly dove, so white and fair,
 All on the lily spray.'

New Publications Received.

THE ROMANCE OF AN IRISH GIRL: OR LIFE IN TWO WORLDS. An Autobiography with an Introduction by a Lady of New-York. New-York: DERBY AND JACKSON, 498 Broadway. 1860.

THE DUTCH DOMINIE OF THE CATSKILLS: OR THE TIMES OF THE 'BLOODY BRANDT.' By REV. DAVID MURDOCH, D.D. New-York: DERBY AND JACKSON, 498 Broadway. 1861.

FROM HAY-TIME TO HOPPING. By the Author of 'Our Farm of Four Acres.' New-York: RUDD AND CARLETON, 130 Grand-street. London: CHAPMAN AND HALL. 1861.

BRUIN: THE GRAND BEAR-HUNT. By Capt. MAYNE REID, Author of 'Boy Hunters,' 'The Young Voyageurs,' 'Odd People,' etc. etc. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS. 1861.

STORIES OF RAINBOW AND LUCKY. By JACOB ABBOTT. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS, Franklin Square. 1861.

THE CHILDREN'S PICTURE-BOOK OF BIRDS. Illustrated with Sixty-one Engravings by W. HARVEY. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS, Franklin Square. 1861.

COINS, MEDALS, AND SEALS, ANCIENT AND MODERN: Illustrated and Described. With a Sketch of the History of Coins and Coinage, Instructions for Young Collectors, Tables of Comparative Rarity, Price Lists of English and American Coins, Medals and Tokens, etc. etc. Pp. 291. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS, Franklin Square. 1861.

POEMS, SACRED AND SECULAR. By the Rev. WM. CROSWELL, D.D. Edited, with a Memoir and Notes, by the Rev. A. CLEVELAND COXE, D.D. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS. 1861.

HOME BALLADS AND POEMS. By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Pp. 206. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS. 1860.

SIGHT AND HEARING: HOW PRESERVED AND HOW LOST. By J. HENRY CLARK, M.D. Sixth Thousand, carefully Revised. With an Index. Pp. 351. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER, 124 Grand-street. 1861.

POEMS. By ROSE TERRY. Pp. 231. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS. 1861.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

INTERMINGLED NOTES OF KNICKERBOCKER EDITORIAL NARRATIVE AND CORRESPONDENCE. — In one of our 'calls' on New-Year Day in our Great Metropolis, (beloved of all of us who claim her as 'our Own,') we had the pleasure to meet a young girl, just passing into earliest womanhood. Delighted were we to take in ours the fair hand of this 'Patrician's Daughter,' and to look into the gray, spiritual eyes, which so vividly recalled her father to our remembrance: a gentleman whom we never had the happiness to meet but on one occasion, when he was in this country on his last visit, for he had long resided abroad. And here let us say, in parenthesis, that as we look back, it strikes us as something wonderful, the number and variety of *distant* correspondents, who have made the KNICKERBOCKER their medium of communication with their friends, and with the general 'Public.' 'At Sea,' has been the commencement of communications to the EDITOR of this Magazine from every ocean that rolls under the blue sky of Heaven. We say it not boastfully, but with a full knowledge of the truth of the assertion. Officers of our navy, 'sacred and profane,' (genuine 'salts,' peaceful chaplains, and sanguinary surgeons,) in all seas, have written for our pages; for with them the KNICKERBOCKER was always a favorite; owing, it may be, to the many personal friends whom we had in the service, and to the great number of 'sea-yarns' and sketches which gave life and animation to our pages, and universal delight to our readers. Stationary American functionaries, too, in almost every quarter of the globe, made the KNICKERBOCKER their repository of lively and pleasant gossip. In two successive numbers, our readers heard from correspondents at Canton, Jerusalem, Bombay, Monterey, (before San-Francisco had six houses, or was thought of as 'a place,') Constantinople, Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, and Manila in the 'Filipinas.' A long letter in our 'budget,' from a most esteemed correspondent in the latter place, who often instructed and amused our readers in passages from his familiar epistles to the EDITOR, has brought him so forcibly to our mind, that we are impelled to present a brief sketch, from a near relative, of his eventful visit to, and return from this his native country:

'JOSHUA MOORE was a native of Massachusetts, and was at the time of his decease, at the head of the mercantile house of RUSSELL AND STURGES, of Manila, where he had been employed as clerk and partner, for the space of eighteen years. During this period he had acted as American Vice-Consul; and on the return of Mr. STURGES to this country was appointed American Consul for the Philippine Islands. On the thirtieth

of August, 1842, he espoused Miss HANNAH ELGAR, of Maidstone, Kent, England, the Rev. WALTER LOWRIE, Missionary to China, performing the marriage service. In the winter of 1846 he left Manila with his family for a visit to the United States. Mrs. MOORE, who was very anxious to visit her family in England, was not strong, having an infant but a few weeks old at the time of their departure; and, although every comfort procurable had been obtained for the voyage, she died after they had been a month at sea, and her remains were reluctantly deposited in the Great Deep. For the sustenance of the infant boy they now relied upon the two goats which had been provided for the family use: these failed of their milk, and the poor baby died one month after the mother. His little remains were preserved in spirits, and were subsequently buried at Mount Auburn. Mr. MOORE had now only a little daughter left of all that he loved so well. The voyage was a long one—of nearly six months' duration. The reader can understand what this bereaved husband and father must have suffered in his severe privation. He remained five months with his relatives and friends in Boston and this city, and then left for home by the overland route. His little girl, then twenty-two months old, and his two Indian nurses, remained with his mother and sister. After his arrival at Manila his sense of loneliness so weighed upon him that he besought his sister, Mrs. Osgood, of this city, to bring his child to him. She was obliged to wait three months for a ship, but left in December, taking with her a physician and the two nurses. Meantime he who watched for their coming was stricken down with mortal illness, and died after a week's suffering, unconscious of his approaching end. He had taken cold by exposure, fever supervened, ending in congestion of the brain. Thus a noble soul departed from among mankind, but his memory is loved and cherished by all who ever came within the sphere of his influence. 'A noble and upright man,' writes one in his employ—'the best friend I ever had.' Mr. MOORE died on the eighteenth March, 1848, at the age of thirty-seven. His sister, after a voyage of more than five months, arrived in Manila Bay in the twilight of a beautiful summer evening, just as the *Angelus* was sounding from Binondo Tower, calling to prayer. The American flag, which always floated over the Consular residence, was no longer there. While waiting for the health-boat to come off to them, the captain hailed a boatman at a little distance: 'Go to Mr. MOORE,' said he, 'and tell him that his family have arrived.' Louder than the bell over the waters came the reply: '*Mr. Moore is dead!*'

We cite two passages from the free and beautiful manuscript letters of this true Gentleman, and most welcome contributor, as evincing the variety and ease which characterized his correspondence:

'WE are a colony of griping, close-fisted, money-making devils, whose only study is to over-reach a neighbor or a friend, and *do* him out of his ducats. Our little republic in the suburbs of Manila, is composed of Yankees, pipe-smoking Germans, gin-drinking Englishmen, herring-eating, whiskey-drinking Scotchmen o' the Hielands, and fiddling 'Frongsays.' The first-named worthies are guilty of occasional study; the second think only of their business, smoke, and drink *good* gin; the third drink shocking *bad* gin, smoke thirty cigars per diem, and despise every thing which is not 'England—come from,' as all bred and born Britons do; the fourth dine on grilled herrings, from the Clyde, or some other Scottish stream, get fou' on their '*mountain dew*,' and then kick up their heels, and shout, 'Hoot awa, bonnie Scotland!' and down they go, muttering an unintelligible something about their wild Highland localities, and die away to sleep with a 'Hey for Loch Lommond! hey for Ben Doon!' Hoot away! haggis, and fillibeg, and bag-pipe, and *skenedhu*, and border beef-stealing, and border robbing, and all those miscellaneous, amiable accomplishments, for which the *nobility* of

the land o' cakes were so celebrated. So, you perceive, that the KNICKERBOCKER, or any other 'bocker, would and must necessarily lack contributors in the Fillipinas.

'The ladies of Manila are very expert swimmers, and we frequently make very pleasant excursions up the river to a village called Tandacan, where Mr. S — and myself have a large bath-house, with a door opening on the river, for the convenience of those of our parties who can swim. Gentlemen and ladies all go in together: this being the custom of the country. The bath-house is built of bamboo and thatch, after the style of the native houses here, and is put up at a very small expense. It contains two large dressing-rooms, one on each side, with a passage-way between leading to a flight of stone steps, by which you go down into the water. Bamboo benches run round the bath inside, for the convenience of those who cannot swim, and at high tide are about two feet under water. The ladies generally bathe in dresses, such as are worn by the natives. It consists of a short *camisa* reaching down to the waist, and a blue and white striped *tapis*, which covers the rest of the body to the feet. The gentlemen bathe in trowsers of blue silk generally, with the upper part of the body naked. You will think this a strange proceeding, but as it is a *custom*, there is nothing improper in it. Though you would laugh to see the politeness with which the gentlemen help the ladies about in the water, particularly those who are learning to swim, and for whose convenience we have floating in the bath, triangles made of what is called *female bamboo*, and are as buoyant and safe as any patent apparatus used with you. We generally breakfast in the water, eating two and three out of the same dish, with our fingers, after the fashion of the country; and frequently remain four hours in the bath. This is a pastime in which we indulge only on Sundays and *feast-days*, when we shut our office, and stop all business, like good Catholics. I am a strong swimmer, and assure you that I have seldom if ever found my match in this amphibious community; though the Alcalde's wife, a very pleasant woman with beautiful black eyes, causes me to exert myself to my utmost ability when she challenges me to cross the river with her, which is about a hundred yards wide. You may think this an improper amusement for men and women; but every country has its customs, and here it is thought no more of for them to bathe together than to eat or dance together.

'Last week a trifling occurrence took place, which afforded us much laughter. For about ten days a ragamuffin assembly of beggars had congregated daily under the balconies of our house, to play cards, which they did publicly on the pavement of the *plaza*, gambling for *cuartos*, the smallest copper coin of the place. Gambling is prohibited by the authorities, but these gentry assumed the privilege of their rags, and spreading a dirty mat on the flag-stones, they arranged themselves into a grotesque group: some standing, some sitting, and others lying flat on their stomachs. The leader, who dealt a greasy pack of cards, was a large fat Indian; his only article of dress a ragged pair of blue cotton trowsers, bound very low down about his loins. He had a monstrous belly, (if that word may be used to 'ears polite,') which projected over the waistband, or drawing-string of his only garment, and rested actually on the pavement, where he was sitting. It was laughable to observe the deference which was paid to this 'King of the Beggars' by the whole crew, who shared their money with dignity, looked on the chance of the game with circumspection, and on all occasions addressed the aforesaid friend with the big *panza*, as '*Señor!*' Well, on one eventful morning, the motley assembly having congregated as usual, the mat was spread, the stakes laid, and the cards in the process of dealing, when — Saz! round the corner rushed a dozen *ministros de justicia*, who seized upon the pack of cards in the first place, (this being of the first importance in a gambling case, as the *cuerpo del delito*, or *corpus delicti*,)

and then upon our aforesaid vagabonds, all of whom were strung together on one rope like onions, and marched off in procession to the *Tribunal*. The *Capitan del Pueblo* heard the case, and having passed his sentence, they were all sent to a village called Mariquina, there to be employed a number of days in the curiously-hard labor of *catching locusts*! The locusts have appeared in great numbers this year, causing much damage to the crops of sugar and corn; and the Governor of the province in which we live has published a proclamation to the effect, which caused the sentence above stated. So much for the prerogative of rags! I have given you a bad description of an occurrence the reality of which was ridiculous in the extreme.

'I send you inclosed a scapulary, which has been blessed on the altar of Our Lady of Antipolo, and was given to me by a pilgrim from that shrine. Perhaps you will not look upon it as thrice holy, and a sovereign protector in all cases of extreme danger. The Virgin of Antipolo is a lady of most miraculous gifts, healing the sick, cleansing lepers and casting out devils. She has a day in the calendar, and once a year the *Fiesta* takes place, and lasts nine days. People of all classes make the pilgrimage from all parts of the island; and large sums of money, the offerings of devotees, are collected at her altar. Tens of thousands of people go annually to Antipolo to fulfil their vows. This is done in one day, and the rest are spent in cock-fighting, gambling, and worse employment. The church and convent are situated on the top of a hill, up which you are carried in a rattan hammock, or ride on horseback as you like. The scapulary is only worn by the poorer classes of natives. The *Mestizos* (half castes) and Creoles all wear rosaries of red, coral and gold, and some of gold and diamonds, which are beautiful and costly.'

WE present the following correspondence from the late Mr. HENRY CARY, (so long a favorite correspondent of this Magazine, under the well-known *nom de plume* of JOHN WATERS,) because they are not only entertaining and instructive in themselves, but because they reflect much light upon the fastidiousness, the great refinement of language and manner, which characterized his lucubrations, and even their preparation for the press. His paper was always of the finest and whitest English or French 'Note,' stitched with a bit of satin ribbon; and he was as careful in all his 'manual' as a literary correspondent, as he was in the excellent management of the Phoenix Bank, of which he was so long the active and effective President. We have already spoken of his knowledge and love of art, and of the choice character of the few 'old masters,' (of which he was an excellent and instant judge,) which he had secured in his travels abroad: also of his knowledge of the 'Æsthetics of the Table,' which were so pleasantly exhibited in his 'How to Cook a Black-Fish,' 'Dissertation on Chowder,' 'Anecdote of a Bottle of Wine,' 'My Uncle the Parson,' etc. The first note which ensues is a whimsical and characteristic remonstrance against the interpolation by the printer of too many commas in his communications:

'MY DEAR SIR: I return you the proof of the Advertisement, with thanks for its general correctness. I find myself, however, breaking my shins every now and then over the multiplicity of commas that the compositor has introduced, and I have noticed in pencil one or two instances of this sort that might be spared in the margin of the text. All these stoppages *expend the steam*, and the fewer of them the better. There is one, however, that we must particularly guard against; where, having misplaced the comma, he makes me speak of being born *hereafter*!—a proposition harder of admission

than NICODEMUS found it to be born *again*: perhaps it might be better to make the alteration suggested in the margin, to avoid ambiguity.

'I beg the favor of you also to use, if you can, the accent on the words *advertise-ment* and *advertise*, so as to prevent the more modern pronunciation of the word. If my little affair is read *advertizment* instead of *advertisement*, I am extinguished. *Periodical* too is a great grievance to me. The word came into the language as a noun substantive *over the wall*, as JOHN BUNYAN says, and this only ten years ago. I do not believe any honest lexicographer has it. I have tried to get round it since you do not like *paper*, though ADDISON used that word. To be sure the — was not then in existence. How would *journal* do?

'As JOHN WATERS, through your kind partiality, occupies 'something too much of this' in the June number, perhaps you will keep him entirely in the shade in July. I shall, however, send you a scrap of poetry; and I have since yesterday been working up an Essay on Chowder, which promises something; but if I send these matters before you want them, or some others that I have on hand, pray don't let me bore you with an appearance of impatience for their publication, for I assure you that I do not at all feel it, though not by any means insensible to the charms of being in print.

'Very sincerely and faithfully yours,

J. W.'

What effect this remonstrance had upon the compositor may be ascertained from a perusal of the following:

'MY DEAR SIR: I return you the proofs. Our printer is the hero of my imagination. I cannot find a single extra comma to recommend him to throw into the eye of his grandmother, and blind her, as he has done me three or four times, with the kindest intentions in the world. I think our *Black-fish* too quite fit for the table in its three respectable parts. Short chapters, apothegms, window-seat articles, are the best for magazine dalliance; unless it please our GEOFFREY CRAYON to dilate. 'What is there,' said Mr. JAMES to me, 'what is there to compare to his sketches?' And people in Europe who speak the English language step always one pace backward when you tell them that you are acquainted with WASHINGTON IRVING.

'I think if through him you could enlist BREVOORT to give you occasional notices of European publications — what is forthcoming sometimes, as well as that which has past the press — you would impart prodigious vigor to your editorial department. Nobody could do it better, and he has loved IRVING, I believe, from petticoats, and would deny nothing at his application. You desired me to express myself freely on the Magazine, and this is the only thought that has occurred to me which would essentially benefit it. I was quite obliged to you for the sight of the book you sent me, and will venture to retain it a few days, as there are several things quite new to me in it. I read with much interest your brother's poems: how sure those things are to *reach* the heart which *come* from it! I suppose every man who feels strongly writes well; the difficulty is in the shadings, the subdued tones, the *chiaroscuro* of both arts.

'Adieu, my dear Sir,

'I am very sincerely yours,

J. W.'

We may mention here, in passing, that the golden-hearted IRVING at once secured his old friend HENRY BREVOORT as an occasional contributor to our review department, and of brief sketches for the 'Editor's Table:' and not only Mr. BREVOORT, but many other distinguished contributors, to whom we shall briefly refer hereafter. Scarcely had our request reached Mr. IRVING, before he sent us the following graphic account of NAPOLEON in 1812, in Mr. BREVOORT's beautiful handwriting:

'The minutest circumstance connected with the man 'whose deeds have eclipsed all past fame, and rendered all future doubtful,' is now become historical. The writer of this sketch happened to be in Paris during the spring of 1812, when, although negotiations were going on between Prince KOURAKIN and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, every one knew that war with Russia had been decreed in the mind of NAPOLEON. Day after day large bodies of troops, of every arm, arrived and departed toward the north, after having been reviewed by the Emperor. Nothing could exceed the splendid equipment, martial bearing and enthusiasm of the Imperial Guard, waving their glittering eagles as they defiled by thousands before their invincible leader in the Champ de Mars. Officers, who had just returned from the detested warfare in Spain, spoke of the conquest of Russia as a frolic of a few months, from which they were sure to return crowned with fresh laurels of victory. They indulged in the most absurd speculations concerning the incidents and perils of the approaching campaign, and seemed as ignorant, as they were regardless, of all the horrors which awaited them in their fatal retreat through the frozen plains of Russia. On the morning of the ninth of May the tri-colored banner of France no longer floated above the palace of the Tuileries. NAPOLEON had departed with the Empress for Dresden, to play the part of 'King of kings.' The evening preceding I saw him at the Grand Opera, which was then in the Rue-Richelieu. The Emperor and Empress occupied the front of the box; behind them stood rows of officers of the imperial household, in brilliant costumes, and the two adjoining boxes were filled with dames d'honneur and distinguished courtiers. The Emperor entered the theater in the midst of the performance. The whole audience arose to salute him, which he acknowledged by a slight inclination of his head before he took his seat. He remained until the ballet was nearly ended, and then took leave with the same careless ceremony with which he entered. He appeared to take no interest in what was passing upon the stage, except for a few moments, when GARDELLE and BIGOTTINIS danced a *pas de deux*. His glass was constantly in use, directed to all parts of the theatre, as if he were intent upon examining the face of every individual present. Occasionally he raised his hand, without turning his head, to receive his snuff-box from the chamberlain, who stood up behind him in watchful attendance. Not a word was uttered by him to the Empress, nor to any other person in the box. It was evident from the restlessness of his manner, that his mind was preoccupied with far-away scenes; and if the dark curtain of futurity could have been lifted for a moment, what scenes and events would he not have beheld! Being very near, I kept my eyes riveted upon him. He was in a plain uniform of blue, with red cuffs and white facings, and wore the grand cross and ribbon of the legion of honor. His person was rather corpulent, but seemed muscular and active. His blue-gray eye was deep-set in his head, and occasionally threw out vivid flashes of expression. His forehead was broad and smooth, and his temples thinly covered with dark brown hair. His nose was firmly set and finely formed, and his mouth and chin were the model of classical beauty. His visage was square, and his neck very short. His complexion was healthy, but colorless; his beard of a bluish tinge. His face and expression were calm and grave, more benignant than commanding, and bore the aspect of a sculptured Grecian marble. Now and then his features relaxed from their habitual expression of melancholy into a smile of exquisite sweetness and good-nature. His small triangular cocked-hat lay beside him, and his hand, which was small, white and plump, frequently rested upon the cushion before him. Although I had often seen him before, my mind always recurs to his appearance on that memorable evening. I saw before me the mysterious being whose genius had exalted him to the summit of human power, and whose hand swayed the destinies of the civilized world. I beheld him at the very apex of his glory, at the moment of his departure upon his immortal campaign, which shattered his power and

hastened his downfall. I find it difficult to analyze the sensations which passed through my mind while standing in the presence of a man whose fame filled the universe, and in whom alone seemed embodied the power of moving the world. It excited emotions of sublimity akin to those felt upon seeing Mount Blanc or the Falls of Niagara; but more intense, more active, more reflective.'

The following was written on Thanksgiving-Day, it would seem: and is really in itself quite an 'exercise' for the occasion:

'At the Dinner-Table, Friday, Nov. 26.

'MY DEAR SIR: I have yours of yesterday — that grotesque day for New-York! which, least of any one State in this multiplied Union, hath the smallest possible conception of a Thanksgiving-Day: which hath its prayer and fasting in one direction, its riot and drunkenness in a second, its military pageant in a third, its gormandizing in a fourth; and a vast, unwonted, hard-breathing melancholy, and nothing-to-do-ness over the whole! How different, how opposite, from the sunbeam which on that day rested over the old Bay State! where families in their remotest branches, as a matter of course, were reunited; where latent, subdued, deep and repressed affections were, for the first time during the year, brought forth into God's holy light: and the hard hand, and the brown cheek, and lines of deep thought, gave way to pleasure and to love, and softened before the white-haired tenderness of the maternal welcome and the silent blessing of 'the old man,' whose grand-children and great-grand-children were, each in their generation, compared with each, and with remembrances of old; and God was praised for the renewal of youth, like that of the eagle, and for His ever-varying diversity of good!

'I sat down to say that I thanked you for your invitation to the January columns of the KNICKERBOCKER, but that I should have nothing; this little use of my pen, however, has caused me to think it not impossible that, on some other subject, I might find something to say. If so, I will have it ready by the ninth or tenth December. Do not, however, count upon it, as I am good for little or nothing, and quite uncertain of myself.

'I dine almost invariably at home at four *sharp*, and generally have something to eat, and I should be gratified if you found yourself disposed to share with me.

'I am always, my dear Sir, very sincerely, yours,

'L GAYLORD CLARK, Esq.

H. CARY.'

We give place to the following, because we remember sending the writer in reply to his remarks upon *Opium-Eating*, a passage from the letter of a friend and correspondent at Constantinople, touching the effects of the practice referred to. We had loaned to Mr. CARY a copy of DE QUINCEY'S 'Confessions of an English Opium-Eater:'

'Sunday Evening.

'MY DEAR SIR: I have just found here your note, dated this morning. I was at home not only until past ten, but between the services, and it had not reached me at three, when I left the house.

'I have looked over the article: it has so many marks that I do not believe I understand them, but I dare say all is right, except the printer's suggestion about the use of a quantity of additional commas. Please to interdict him from introducing a *single comma* beyond those in the manuscript. I always *evaporate* under the hands of these comma-distributors. The *verve* escapes through these apertures in the line.

'I send you the two books. Last night being a wakeful one with me, I read the 'Opium-Eater.' If you want to *chasten* the praise that as a volume it deserves, its fault is, that while it dwells upon the *pangs* in detail, it does not do justice to the exquisite

joys that must belong to the habit. I have once in my life been under its influence for a few hours, and some day I will describe to you the ravishing sensations that were produced by it.

Yours very truly,

H. C.

'I would add, that in the index, this Duel-piece might be called, 'An Anecdote of Past Days,' by J. WATERS; or, 'An Anecdote of the Past,' by J. WATERS, if you prefer it.'

It was REV. WALTER COLTON, Chaplain of the United States Navy, who gave us a description of the use of opium upon those whom he once saw using the drug at Constantinople:

... 'The change which diffuses itself through the countenance, limbs and gait, was like the resuscitation of the dying to the energies and happiness of a fresh life. You could hardly persuade yourself that the man who now moved before you with a light elastic tread, and an eye kindling with secret rapture, was the same who a short time since approached with a faltering, feeble step, scarcely able to sustain himself upon his cane, and the arm of a less withered friend, while every feature seemed settled in that unrelieved despair which might make a word of hope sound like a mockery. Such was the change, such the total renovation produced, that one ignorant of the depression and despondency into which this dreaming, delicious excitement, if unrenewed, must ultimately sink, might have supposed that the tree of life had been discovered, and the immortal ambrosia of its fruits enjoyed. But as weariness will the sooner overtake the forced wing of the eagle, so depression will only the deeper weigh down the heart that has thus been too elated. The even stream pursues its way in cheerfulness and light, through smiling valleys to the deeper wave of the ocean and the lake, while the mountain torrent that foams from the cliff, though there it may have worn all the hues of heaven, only plunges, perhaps, into some wild and sunless glen, whose solitude is never cheered by the tints of breaking day, or the song of early birds.'

We recall the subjoined note with pleasure, for the delicate and well-won praise which it awards to a lady-correspondent of ours, whom we hope soon to find again in our pages. The reference in the second paragraph is to the 'Duel Piece,' in the island of Granada, in which an old martinet, formerly in the Prussian service, under 'Old Fritz,' was shot through the heart at the first fire:

'Hudson Square, Tuesday Evening.

'MY DEAR SIR: I have just found here your kind note. I should be delighted to dine with you to-morrow, as you propose, if I could, for a few hours, quiet this subtle spirit of shooting pain, and do it without any apprehension of that *seven-fold* return which he is sure to make if I garnish my house during his absence with any sort of recondite cookery. I must, as I cannot hope to do this, beg you to excuse me until the bracing weather of October enables me to ride on horseback, and set him at defiance along with the Pope.

'I am quite glad that you like 'Our Fathers' to the last. I was afraid when I got old QUEER into the saw-pit that, having no REMBRANDT light in my composition, I should fail in the general effect, and I feel now that I must look over that passage again, which indeed I hardly read, and perhaps brighten his countenance a little more after the Doctor has assented in substance to his proposition about the marching.

'I half envy you your intercourse with the authoress of 'A New Home.' I took it over last spring with me, and my friends in England were quite charmed with it. I regretted having given it away before I met JAMES. It was the pleasantest of companions on the passage.

'I should like to take a drive with you one of these mornings to Greenwood in my wagon.

With best wishes, my dear Sir, very sincerely yours,

'H. CARY.'

Mr. N. P. WILLIS, of the *Home Journal*, made a remark the other day in relation to certain of his lady correspondents, in which we thought there was a great deal of truth. He said, if we remember rightly, that the least meritorious of them were, as a general thing, the most complaining, and the most exacting in respect to their communications submitted to the 'Journal.' With regard to the female contributors to this Magazine, we may say that we have not often been troubled in this way. On the other hand, however, we may say with equal truth, that *the best* of our female correspondents have been the least exacting. And we are reminded of this, at the present moment, by a letter from Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER, accompanying an able critical article for our pages, in which she writes as follows:

'HERE is something for you, till I send you something better: copying's the deuce and all. I would rather write any amount of nonsense than be bound to look three lines of it in the face after it is written: and when it comes to transcribing my own misdemeanors, it's as good as a penance. If I can find time, I think of writing a review of 'PROCTOR'S Life of KEAN,' which I will let you have, if you like; but I have a bargain to make with you as regards *every thing* which I may send you: it is this: should at any time what I transmit to you appear too trite, too puerile, too — any thing, or not enough any thing; or should it not suit your convenience to insert it, you must deal with me with *entire* frankness, and tell me at once either that you do n't want or do n't like what I send you. I am not a fool, and do not ask for treatment which I do not wish to receive. I endeavor as much as in me lies to be true to all men. I earnestly beg you will deal honestly by me in this respect, *sans* qualms of feeling, or any courtesy whatever.'

We close our extracts with an additional pleasant letter from LONGFELLOW, written, as the date will indicate, in 'the Days of Long Ago:'

'Stockholm, July 29.

'WELL, here I am in the far North, a regular *rum* country, where the clergy drink punch in the coffee-houses, and smoke in the streets; and where most people take a dram before dinner to help their appetite, and a dram after dinner to help their digestion.

'Stockholm is a very pretty city, built upon some fifteen small islands in the Mälar Lake, a few miles from the Baltic. It has a large and magnificent palace, narrow streets without side-walks, a corn-giving pavement, and a bathing-house, where you can be *shampooed* with a coarse towel by an elderly maiden for two shillings and sixpence. I cannot vouch for the truth of this last statement, having never personally undergone the operation. I get my information from those who have.

'I find that American literature is not unknown here: most of the works of IRVING and COOPER have been translated into Swedish, and are read and admired here as elsewhere. 'A Year in Spain' is also translated into Swedish; and a day or two ago I saw a copy of Miss SEDGWICK'S 'Redwood,' which is here published as one of COOPER'S Novels. This is probably a book-seller's speculation, thinking the book might have a better run under his name.

'Ding, dong, bell! They are tolling for fire!

'There, since writing these words the oldest and finest church in Stockholm has been burnt to the ground: *Kiddarholm's Church*, in which are buried all the Kings of Sweden!

'Yesterday morning the steeple was struck by lightning, and has been burning ever

since, though supposed to be extinguished. It was about five o'clock P.M. when I wrote 'ding, dong, bell,' above. It is now mid-night, and I have just returned from the conflagration. When I went out, I could see nothing but a little quiet flame curling round the ball on the top of the spire. It gained slowly: the spire crumbled and fell piece-meal, and by ten o'clock the body of the church was in flames. It was a magnificent spectacle:

'WHAT light through the heavens in a sudden spire
Shoots quivering upward? Fire! 'tis fire!
'There are wild forms, hurrying to-and-fro,
Seen darkly clear on that lurid glow;
There are shout, and signal-gun, and call,
And the dashing of water—but fruitless all!
Man may not fetter nor ocean tame
The might and wrath of the rushing flame.'

'P. S.: The interior of the church, being arched with brick, has been saved; including many fine paintings, and the tombs of the ancient kings.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—One of the pleasantest things in our life-editorial, is the cordial, we might well say affectionate, correspondence with which we are favored from distant 'fellow-citizens,' whose faces we shall never look upon in this world. Of such a character is the following from an unknown friend. It comes all the way from Hagerstown, Maryland, 'as we do guess,' and is apropos of the anniversary of the day on which the late lamented WASHINGTON IRVING passed from earth to heaven:

'We are mostly of Dutch descent, 'hereaway,' with a mania for canals, which the country not permitting, we have become innocent of transition: indeed, the swain who has seen the sun rise on the opposite side of the mountain, has achieved immortality in our circle. You perceive the Dutch descent is the link binding us to the KNICKERBOCKER; nowhere was the veritable DIEDRICH more thoroughly appreciated and revered; we add to the Apostles' Creed, belief in the KNICKERBOCKER: and would subscribe to the 'Thirty-Nine Articles,' were that reckoned among them. I am a WOMAN; have been through all the 'experiences:' Whooping-cough, Measles, Dyspepsia, 'Nerves,' 'Blues,' et cetera; have 'died daily,' and at last come to life, health, and happiness, having found the 'Elixir of Life'—*Exercise and Fresh Air*. I began with the Homeopathic dose of half a mile; felt the thumb-screw torture at every joint: persevered; and now count ten miles a trifle, in all weathers, and at all times; never take cold, dyspepsia, 'nerves,' or the doctor's stuff: and in consequence never get cross. Ask our scholars—there, Sir! it's out! I did n't intend to betray my occupation, but 'a woman can't keep a secret,' you know. I am a 'school-marm;' 'shoot;' 'young ideas,' etc. Withal I have a woman's heart; and long to throw in my poor meed of praise to the memory of the noblest sleeper of 'Sleepy Hollow.' We first heard here of WASHINGTON IRVING's death at that solemn hour when the rosy pomp of day melts into the calmer glory of night. Even so the twilight's radiance of his life had melted into the Eternal Glory! His very name seemed to quell all worldly yearnings: in his heart the angels of PEACE and LOVE had folded their wings, as in their 'own calm HOME.' The golden bowl was indeed 'broken; the silver cord loosed;' and the 'mourners went about the streets.' How many golden grains have I gleaned from his sheaves, since I emerged from the Arabian illusions to the fairer enchantments of the Alhambra: or, still spell-

bound, followed the far-off shadow-wanderings of those who bore from the stately forests and sunny valleys of this western Canaan, 'clusters of Eschol' to the waiting tribes of Europe! Even the halo around the name of WASHINGTON gained effulgence from his pen; as the proud might of waters is made luminous by the gentle play of sun-beams. I remember once reading to a friend not a few of the humorous and pathetic passages in the 'Sketch-Book.' While the thought-laden sentences still made music in our hearts, he said: 'I am *always a better man after reading Washington Irving.*' Truly WASHINGTON IRVING 'caught a sun-beam from every wave, a melody in every wind.' I would write above his grave:

'Ah! the souls' of such 'who die,
Are but sun-beams lifted higher!'

'While England, mourning, lays her titled dead beneath the grand funeral dome, we quietly yield our sleeper back to the bosom of Earth, and turn away with a 'sad, sad joy:' for we know the grave hath not power to steal from our hearts the influence of his eloquent life. We look not for his equal. 'NATURE made him, and then broke the mould.'

Every body loved WASHINGTON IRVING. - - - WHEN WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was travelling in Spain, and writing a description of what he saw in his journeyings, for the daily journal with which he has so long been connected as editor in chief, we remember especially thereabout of this correspondence, wherein the writer spoke of the impression made upon his mind and his *heart*, by a view which suddenly burst upon him, in an abrupt turn of a mountain-road, of the green-blue Atlantic. There was sublimity in the expanse of the 'round ocean, girdled with the sky,' but the humanity, the *poetry* of the scene, was embodied in the thought which followed that 'waste of SEA' till with an out-stretched, sheltering arm, it washed, in almost silent ripples, the borders of his garden at Roslyn, on Long-Island. And this, let us say to all our poetical correspondents — yes, and prose correspondents too — is the main thing. You *must* associate human, natural, common feeling, with your pictures of nature, or they amount to nothing: they are the dry outlines, the mere *limning*, of a landscape-painter's first study, or sketch. We remember saying to Mr. BRYANT, one night at the 'Century Club' that his '*Snow-Shower*' in the '*Knickerbocker Illustrated Gallery*,' (a most grateful Testimonial to the EDITOR hereof, which cost, 'by bill and voucher,' over sixteen thousand dollars,) had always made an exceedingly forcible impression upon our mind, the oftener we pronounced it to ourselves — for we remembered every word of it from its first perusal — by reason of the human feeling which it embodied, in connection not only, but intermingled with, the scene itself. Now how all this has been confirmed this very day! Within two hours the whole scene of the 'Snow-Shower' has been enacted before our eyes, over the wide Tappan-Zee and the foldings of the cold blue hills which rise upon its eastern border. 'First it snowed, then thawed, then friz,' as HOOD says, literally. If Mr. BRYANT, in writing the 'Snow-Shower,' had looked upon all which we saw, he could not have made a more perfect counterpart. The sun-beams, from the opening cloud, when the snow-shower was over-past, concentrated upon Sing-Sing, ('poor prisoners,' we thought, '*you cannot see this!*') and then flitted along in brightest spots, till they faded away beyond the sources of the Croton: exactly as if BARNUM'S Museum was up in the sky, and he was using the Sun for his DRUMMOND-light. But *read* the 'Snow-Shower:': it will doubtless be new to many of our numerous *new*

readers; although they may consider it not over-modest to quote in our own pages from a 'Testimonial' so entirely personal. But the world meets nobody half-way; 'so here goes:'

'Stand here by my side and turn, I pray,
On the lake below thy gentle eyes;
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,
And dark and silent the water lies:
And out of that frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow;
Flake after flake,
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

'See how in a living swarm they come
From the chambers beyond that misty veil.
Some hover awhile in air, and some
Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.
All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,
Meet and are still in the depth below;
Flake after flake,
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

'Here delicate snow-stars, out of the cloud,
Come floating downward in airy play,
Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd
That whiten by night the milky way;
There broader and burlier masses fall,
The sullen waters bury them all:
Flake after flake
All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

'And some, as on tender wings they glide
From their chilly birth-cloud, dim and gray,
Are joined in their fall, and side by side
Come clinging along their unsteady way:
As friend with friend, or husband with wife,
Makes hand in hand the passage of life,
Each mated flake
Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

'Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
Stream down the snows till the air is white;
As myriads, by myriads madly chased,
They fling themselves from their shadowy height.
The fair, frail creatures of middle sky,
What speed they make with the grave so nigh:
Flake after flake,
To lie in the dark and silent lake!

'I see in thy gentle eyes a tear:
They turn to me in sorrowful thought;
Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,
Who were for a time, and now are not;
Like these fair children of cloud and frost,
That glisten a moment and then are lost;
Flake after flake
All lost in the dark and silent lake.

'Yet look again, for the clouds divide:
A gleam of blue on the water lies;
And far away on the mountain side
A sun-beam falls from the opening skies.
But the hurrying host that flew between
The cloud and the water no more is seen:
Flake after flake
At rest in the dark and silent lake.'

Since this soft 'snow-shower,' the rain which followed, and the ice which ensued, we went down the lane through the bright green cedars, their 'tods' heavy with snow; which ever and anon dropped from the thick branches, (as we saw, far along through the colonnades and corridors of small pendent-paper

barky trunks) and glided swiftly upon the echoing crust, like corn in the 'hopper' of a grist-mill, gliding rattlingly down to its destiny between the upper and nether mill-stone. - - - It will already have been seen, by the thousands of readers of the widely-disseminated sheets of our friends of the daily metropolitan press, how universally have been reëchoed the obituary honors which have been heaped upon the memory of *The Late Judge William Kent*. Like many of our younger contemporaries of the press, whose names are upon the nib of our pen as we write, our acquaintance with Mr. KENT was first established at the *Dinner given to Mr. Dickens at the Astor House, by the 'Novelties' Club' of New York*, 'one of the most pleasant and intellectual entertainments which he had in America,' as he himself wrote soon after, in a note now before us. Judge WILLIAM KENT presided: and from the first, every member and guest of the Club saw that he was, after all, at least the 'presiding' genius of the occasion. Nothing could have been more unaffected, self-possessed, and entirely charming, than his manner. Few who knew him, will ever forget the mellow, low tones of his voice, and the 'winsomeness' of the tranquil smiles which always illustrated his varied, and especially his incidental, humorous conversation. We had the pleasure, on the occasion to which we allude, to sit upon the left, and next to the President; and can well believe that what Mr. BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN said of him, in his admirable eulogy before the New-York bar, was eminently true: he 'had a remarkable memory; he forgot nothing:' and such, we think, must have been the impression of our guest; for not a character previously drawn by Mr. DICKENS, however humble, but was, in all its characteristics, as familiar to, and as well understood by him, as by the author himself. Our impression formed of Judge KENT at this time, was confirmed and heightened by all that we afterward knew of him; and it was our good fortune to meet him often in society, and to receive his literary counsel, and on one or two occasions, assistance in our review-department from his polished pen. It has been well said of him, that as 'a *belles-lettres* scholar he had few equals in this country. His reading was not limited by the ordinarily wise rule, '*non multa sed multum*,' but it was both *multa et multum*. Whatever he studied he studied thoroughly. He read every thing, and he remembered every thing. What he read did not remain with him a mere accumulation of knowledge and ideas, but became part of his mental nature, storing and strengthening his mind without impairing its originality.' Having often witnessed the dignity, urbanity, and surpassing gentleness of Judge KENT's bearing upon the bench, in our Court of Oyer and Terminer, we can fully concur in the following passage from a tribute to his revered memory by his brothers of our metropolitan bar:

'In contemplating the character of our deceased brother, we most naturally and fondly revert to those qualities of his mind and heart which graced his personal demeanor and intercourse—to his ever-cheerful temper, his warm affections and genial sympathies, his fresh and playful spirit, and to the rare, varied, and extensive literary and classical acquirements which he possessed in such richness, and held in such ever-ready command.

'While thus mindful of the personal attractions now lost to us forever, we should not omit to testify our high appreciation of the professional learning, the clear and persuasive method of reasoning, the nice power of discrimination, unvarying industry,

strict sense of justice, inflexible integrity, and great practical wisdom which illustrated and adorned his career as a leading member of the Bar, and as a distinguished Judge of this Circuit, reflecting additional honor upon the great name he inherited, and placing his memory justly by the side of his illustrious father.'

His death was one of peace, as his life had been of uprightness. He had so lived and so believed, that when the time had come for him to walk through the dark valley, he 'feared no evil;' but leaned on the rod and the staff which can alone support man in that dread hour. 'Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of Genius, for he was your kinsman! — weed clean his grave, ye men of Goodness, for he was your brother!' Such was the beautiful invocation uttered by the deceased upon the death of Mr. BUTLER. How truly and fondly will arise the same aspiration for his friend and brother, who has now joined him in the '*Better Land!*' - - - FROM 'Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio,' cometh the following: 'Seeing that in speaking of your correspondent of 'Saline Mines, Ill.,' you have placed 'clever' in 'small caps,' I am emboldened to send you the following '*Tale of a Traveller,*' which I happened to hear the other day, and which, if it 'hits' you as it did me, I know what you 'll do.' *Print it*, of course: but may we be pardoned for hinting, from certain external and internal evidence, that these two 'clever' men have seen each other in a mirror every day for a twelve-month? 'While sitting in front of a store the other day, in a town on the lower Ohio river, waiting for a steamboat, I listened to and laughed at the following story, and if the reader is 'so disposed,' he can 'go and do likewise:' A gentleman, who seemed to be known as 'Doc,' said: 'Last summer, BILL S — and I wanted to go Louisville, and we waited two days for an 'up-river' boat, without getting one; and as the river was pretty low, I told BILL I should take the packet to Evansville, and go from there in the cars, and that he had better go along. Now BILL had never seen a rail-road in his life, and he was 'mighty skeery' about riding on the 'keers,' as he called them. But I told him I would see him through all right, and finally he 'reckoned he'd try it:' so when the packet came along, we got on and went up to Evansville: next morning I got BILL a ticket, and we started out for Vincennes. After we had got under head-way, BILL looked out and said: 'Well, she's a-clattering along right smart.' 'Oh! this is nothing,' said I, 'just wait until we get onto the Ohio and Mississippi Road, if you want to see *running!*' When we arrived at Vincennes, we had to change cars for Louisville; and we had not much time to do it in, either. BILL was about wild at the rushing of the passengers on the platform, the rumbling of the baggage-truck behind him, and blowing and whistling of the engines. I pushed him through into a car, however, but it was so full that we could not get seats together; but I got him a seat in the forward-part of the car, and I took one farther back. We soon got under way; and you know they run that express train 'like sixty;' and I could see by watching BILL, that he was getting 'mighty onaizy:' he looked all around him, and over-head, and then back at me; but I never 'let on' that I saw him. By-and-by the cars roared into a tunnel where it was as dark as tar; and you know what an awful noise the cars make in those tunnels. Well, as soon as we got out into day-light, up jumped BILL; and as he turned around, I saw that he was a-winking and a-blinking, and rubbing his eyes at a great rate. Pretty soon he made a start down the car toward me, groping and feeling along like a blind man:

when he came to my seat, and had taken a good hold of it, he leaned over, and in a low, frightened, stammering voice, said : 'Doc, I—I—I say, there's something the matter with me : I—I—I was *blind for about a half-minute just now!*' - - - HERE is a rhapsody! — but let the young husband and father glorify his little lactiverous animalcule. The young wife and mother will like him none the less for it; and that ought to satisfy *him* :

B a h p.

- 'On tip-toe I entered the bed-room of BABY :
My fingers were tingling clear out to their tip-ends
With blissful expectancy's luscious sweet fever ;
As trembling I parted the gossamer curtains
Where Baby lay, fair as a fresh morning-glory,
Soft-cushioned on folds of the bluest of velvet —
A rose-bud dropped down on a bed of blue lilies.
- 'Like petals of purest and pinkest petunias,
Four delicate fingers crept out of their nestling,
Transparent and chubby, they rest on the crib's-edge,
And draping the fingers a fringe of crochet-work,
As flossy and light as a net-web of snow-lace,
Lay, kissing them daintily — ever so daintily !
- 'Nails soft and so tiny, and tinted like pink-buds,
Looked up to me temptingly — 'ever so cunning ;'
And asked me to kiss them, and oh ! how I longed to,
But dare not, for BABY was smiling so sweetly
I knew he beheld then an angel-face near him.
- 'Loose ringed, on his temples of pure alabaster,
Lay curls of the softest and lightest of texture,
As sketched by a crayon of delicate gold-tint :
Such curls as the gods gave to CURID and PSYCHE !
Those kissable curls, with their live, springing tendrils,
Came up to my lips and went down to my heart-strings.
- 'Those eye-lids so filmy, translucent as amber,
Were colored and toned by the blue eyes beneath them,
To softest of purple. O marvellous eye-lids !
- 'Ah ! what is this clinging so close at my heart-strings ?
'T is fear — *that* I know by the thrill in my bosom ;
'T is born of these ringlets and fingers and eye-lids :
Born of this beauty too precious for mortals ;
It tells me I look on the face of an angel
That lies there deceiving my soul by concealing
Its pinions beneath the blue waves of the velvet.
- 'I'll wake him ! — with kisses that even an angel
For such rare enjoyment would fold its wings gladly :
Would cling to mortality long for the love of !
- 'There ! there ! I have reddened the white brow of BABY,
Between those two linnings of delicate lace-work —
The rarest of eye-brows : his laugh reassures me !
I'll crush him down hard, wings and all, on my bosom,
And punish the darling with rods made of kisses !'

One would hardly think that the writer of this gushing Sapphic-lyric is the same brave man who 'lay down on the floor' of the rail-car, at the suggestion of the man who 'sold him land and ore,' as recorded in our last number : but it is a fact, nevertheless. - - - In one of the recent eulogies upon the late Judge KENT, (whose death is elsewhere noticed in these pages,) we find the following reference to his eminent father, Chancellor KENT: 'Toward the close of his life, he derived great satisfaction in reviewing in his mind sometimes

some leading principle of the law, going back to its origin, to the reasons from which it sprang, and then recalling in their order the subsequent cases, in England and in this country, in which it had been considered, shaped, enlarged, or qualified down to the final settled rule: at other times he would select some period of history, perhaps some English reign, and recall its politics, its law, its eminent men, its military acts, and its literature, in connection with the contemporaneous history and condition of other countries; sometimes a campaign, perhaps of ALEXANDER, or CÆSAR, or MARLBOROUGH, or NAPOLEON, with its plan, its policy, its incidents, and its results.' This reminds us of an anecdote which Mr. HENRY CARY, ('JOHN WATERS,') who was a fervent admirer and warm friend of 'the Chancellor,' once told us, in illustration of the profoundness and variety of his legal knowledge, and the simple manner in which he applied the thoughts which were always 'about' him. 'Mr. CARY,' said he, one day, 'perhaps I can in one respect say more concerning this library than you can of yours — I have read every volume in it through and through; and you will find my remarks and annotations in pencil in every book on these shelves: you do n't doubt me, of course, when I say so, but *test* me: take 'em out — here, there, any where.' A cursory examination showed that each volume, so far as examined, was crowded in the margin with copious notes; from which, no doubt to this day, the '*Commentaries*' have derived, from time to time, renewed accessions of legal learning. But let us pass to the exhibition of *Legal Readiness for Personal Consequences*, which we have hinted at above. When Canandaigua had some sixty or seventy-five inhabitants; when all the villages of the Western part of our State were *almost* 'not;' Chancellor KENT, and his wife BETSY, (we think we are right in the name,) were travelling in a one-horse wagon, in an unfrequented road, toward the house of friends who lived in that *then* more inaccessible region; for it was in the 'PHELPS and MARVIN Purchase,' the desponding buyers of which were cheered by the prediction, that in 'less than *fifty years* a line of daily stages would be running from Albany to Lake Erie!' Night came on; the travellers lost their way; took the wrong road: the horse 'feeling on' as well as he could in the gathering darkness of the forest-path: at length he stopped altogether, just as the clear blue eye of 'the CHANCELLOR' discerned the light of a dwelling in the distance. The tired animal was chirruped on, and the weary travellers reached the log-house, where a good wood-fire was glowing, and a long tallow candle burning in the window. Its only occupant was a 'busy housewife, plying her evening care.' She made the Chancellor and his wife welcome; explained that she had got supper ready for 'her man,' who was 'cuttin' cord-wood' some three or four miles off, and sometimes did n't come home till quite late.' She gave the travellers a good homely supper, with an excellent cup of tea; set aside her husband's repast for *his* refreshment when he should arrive; told her guests that she 'guessed they was awful tired, and would like to go to bed, as for *her* part, *she* should;' and added: 'You may take *our* bed, in the corner there, and when my man comes, please let him in: we'll sleep up chamber.' So saying, she bade them 'good night,' took a candle, and went up a ladder through a square hatch-way or trap-door to an ungarnished 'upper chamber.' Her guests now retired: but as they lay conversing, the Judge suddenly said: 'BETSY, the door do n't lock: that 'man' will be coming home before long:

and seeing 'another man,' as he will suppose, in bed with his wife, he'll *begin to chop!* That will *never* do. I'll fix it, though: I'll place the table against the door, and while he is pushing it open, I can make the whole thing plain to him in a minute.' So 'the CHANCELLOR' arose, and had just pushed the supper-table against the door, when a tall stalwart figure, in red-flannel shirt-sleeves, with a big black cat-skin cap on his head, shoved open the door. 'Looked he frowningly' — *very*: but thus then his distinguished interloper: 'My name,' said he, 'is JAMES KENT: I am Chancellor of the State of New-York: the woman in that bed is my wife BETSY: *your* wife is up-stairs: there is your supper!' This brief grouping of relevant *facts*, without one tautological word, is as characteristic of the utterer, as the most condensed 'legal statement' in the world-renowned 'Commentaries.' But you should have heard 'JOHN WATERS' tell the story. - - - 'You were talking the other day,' writes an old friend, whom to know is to esteem, 'about *Phrenology*. Perhaps this story may amuse you, or some casual reader: 'In one of the interior cities of this State there lived, on a time, a very 'clever fellow' of a lawyer, who had once been a judge of some small local court. He was rather 'soft,' but lived on in happy unconsciousness of the fact. He could not see farther into a mill-stone than others could — unless there was a hole in it. But he thought he knew a thing or two, although he was a *leetle* wanting in the bump of far-reaching sagacity — that organ called *causality*, which distinguished such men as BACON and BONAPARTE. One day one of the FOWLERS came to his town, and began, as your countryman has it, to 'feel of folks' heads, and give a receipt of what's inside on 'em,' and our friend, Judge H — went to be 'felt on.' A friend met him coming out of the Professor's room with one of his blue papers, and said to him: 'So, Judge, you've been to have your head examined too, have you? What do you think of it?' 'Oh?' said the Judge, 'it is wonderful! Look here! There's *casualty* marked very low. That's very right — I never had an accident in my life!' - - - A RECENT London journal (we think it is the new and very able *Saturday Review*) says: 'The English language, suckled in America, is the language to 'grin the bark off a tree.' No man, let him be born in Europe, Asia, or Africa, can tell, or guess at, the 'tarnation peöwer' of the English tongue, unless he has had a true wrestle with the Yankee. It must blow a steady 'Down-Easter,' before it is truly felt at the core. The real Yankee dialect is English, stripped to the skin: full of slang and earnestness; bursting with meaning and mischief; and relishing all over of slyness and — danger.' This is all true, and very forcibly expressed: and as an instance of the 'meaning and mischief' of 'English stripped to the skin,' we cite, in the midst of wars and rumors of wars, a passage from LOWELL's 'Yankee Recruit' at Saltillo, at the time of the Mexican war. HOSEA BIGELOW accompanied the 'piece' with a characteristic account of its history. 'The follerin Billet,' he says, 'was writ hum by a Yung feller of our town that wuz cussed fool enuff to goe atrottin inter Miss Chiff arter a Drum and fife. It ain't Nater for a feller to let on that he's sick o' any bizness that he went intu off his own free will and a Cord, but I rather cal'late he's middlin tired, o' volunteerin By this time. I bleeve u may put dependunts on his statemente. For I never heered nothin bad on him let Alone his havin what Parson WILBUR calls a *pongshong* for cocktales, and ses it wuz a soshiashun of idees sot him

again arter the Crooting Sargient cos he wore a cocktale onto his hat. his Folks gin the letter to me and I shew it to parson WILBUR and he ses it oughter Bee printed.' We think so too: especially 'about these days,' as the Almanac has it:

'This kind o' sogerin' aint a mite like our October trainin',
A chap could clear right out from there ef't only looked like rainin'.
An' th' Cunnles, tu, could kiver up their shappoes with bandanners,
An' send the insines skootin' to the bar-room with their banners,
(Fear o' gittin' on 'em spotted,) an' a feller could cry quarter,
Ef he fired away his ramrod artur too much rum an' water.
Recollect wut fun we hed, you 'n I an EZRY HOLLIS,
Up there to Waltham plain last fall, a-havin' the Cornwallis?
This sort o' thing aint *jest* like that — I wish that I wuz furdur —
Nime-punce a day fer killin' folks comes kind o' low for murder,
(Wy I've worked out to slawterin' some fer Deacon CEPHAS BILLINS,
An' in the hardest times there wuz I ollers fetched ten shillins.)
There's suthin' gits into my throat thet makes it hard to swaller,
It comes so nateral to think about a hempen collar;
It's glory — but in spite o' all my tryin' tu git callous,
I feel a kind o' in a cart, a-ridin' to the gallus.
But when it comes to *bein' killed* — I tell ye I felt streaked
The first time ever I found out why bagganets wuz peaked;
Here's how it wuz: I started out to go to a fandango,
'The sentinul he ups an' sez, 'Thet's furdur 'an you *can* go.'
'None o' your sarse,' sez I; sez he, 'Stan' back!' 'Aint you a buster?'
Sez I, 'I'm up to all that air, I guess I've been to muster;
I know wy sentinels air sot; you aint a-goin' to eat us;
CALEB haint no monopoly to court the scenoreetas;
My folks to hum air full ez good ez hisn be, by golly!'
An' so ez I wuz goin' by, not thinkin' wut would folly,
The everlastin' cus he stuck his one-pronged pitch-fork in me,
An' made a hole right thru my close ez ef I was an in'my.

This goin' ware glory waits ye haint one agreeable feetur,
An' ef it wor n't fer wakin' snakes, I'd home agin short meter;
O would n't I be off, quick time, ef't wor n't thet I wuz sartin
They'd let the day-light into me to pay me fer desartin'!

Now there is a wonderful amount of sly satire in familiar 'rhyming-talk' like this, which 'tells.' - - - Does our Western Virginia correspondent really *believe* the 'Story' which old 'Uncle GABE' told one night to an 'itinerating divine,' who was afterward a chaplain in the United States Senate? Like the good chaplain, we must say we 'mainly doubt.' But to the story: 'Old GABE' was especially given to '*Tough Yarn-Spinning*.' On one occasion, while sitting, after supper, before a huge log-fire that roared and crackled in the deep-throated chimney-place, he commenced, as usual, to entertain our clerical friend with a few exploits of his young days. He remarked: '*Game* is not nigh onto as plenty as it used to be in old times.' 'No,' replied his friend, 'I suppose hunters are more numerous?' 'Not nigh onto as plenty,' continued Uncle GABE, who seemed to be lost for a moment in a reverie: then giving his gray locks a toss and elevating his shaggy eye-brows, 'not nigh onto as plenty. When I was a young man in these parts, people had no trouble to get any thing they wanted in the likes of meats: sometimes they had trouble to raise corn, as the tarnal varmints had to be watched to keep them from carrying away the whole field. One day, along in the fall of 18 —, I concluded to go out an' scout about, an' see ef I could n't bring home a few wild turkeys, as the neighbors said they was uncommon thick: I had n't been out afore: so I tuk down 'Old Ber's an' started towards the Yough, (Youghigheny,) an' when I come down to the river, I looked on t' other side, an' I see sixteen turkeys settin' side-an'-side, on a limb that hung out over the water. I fired away an'

split the limb wide enough to let the turkeys' toes in: the ball went through, an' the crack closed up an' held 'em fast! I loaded an' fired ag'in an' cut the limb off, an' down it fell in the water. I see the wild-honey comin' out by the gallon from where I had cut it off. I started to wade across the river to git the turkeys; an' when I had got about half-way over, the fish ran in under my trowse's so thick that they busted off a big metal button at the top of it, which flew a hundred yards, an' killed a bear!' - - - '*Sick Fancies*,' from a new and anonymous correspondent, is a short production, as remarkable for its oddity of thought as for its style — both of which are truly *unique*. We annex a single passage. Speaking of death, and what he terms the 'deprivations' of another state of existence, as compared with this, he says:

'We cannot read the newspapers in the other world. CHARON carries no mail. It seems as though it would be a great privation to lose sight of the progress of this world; to know nothing of the new inventions, and the rare and stirring events that are continually taking place. It seems as though I should like to hear of it, when all this goodly land is cultivated like a garden; when the unsightly fences all disappear, and all travelling is done on tea-kettle locomotives, whizzing along the-garden paths. It may be the latest-comer brings to the shadowy land news up to the hour of departure; or it may be that we lose all interest in, and perhaps all knowledge of, this world, and enter the next as foolish as we did this. We do not know but we may become old-fashioned ghosts, and be confined to the same scenes that we are at present. There might be many advantages in such a state of being: we might travel where we pleased, with no ticket to produce at every station, and no bodies to be injured at every accident. We might repose on whose velvet cushions we pleased, and regale ourselves with the essence of the best dinners. We could see what we chose, and hear what we chose, of what took place among mortals; and admire the beautiful compensation by which the ghost of the poor laborer might take possession of the lordly mansion that he helped to build, and felicitate ourselves on the beautiful system, by which, being ghosts, we took up no room, and could consequently in no way interfere with or be in the way of each other. There are a thousand surmises we might make in regard to our future state, but still we are left as much in the dark as ever. Is it because we live in a fantastic world, or because the mind of man is fantastic, that we sometimes wonder whether life is not the dream of a single night in some other huge Life, and that by-and-by we shall awake to say what a singular dream we have had of such a strange world, and how *real* it all seemed at the time? We do not know where any thing begins or where it will end; and though we may amuse ourselves by trying to find out, we have nothing for it but to wait until the great SCHOOLMASTER comes around to solve the problem for us.'

A quaint but unpractised writer. - - - OUR friend S — says he is taking *Lessons in Punning*. He has been practising a little, rudimentally: and here is the result: 'Why is a hen immortal? Because her *son* never *sets*. Second: Why does a sculptor have a dreadful death? Because he makes *faces* and *busts*. Third: Why are you, when entering THORBURN's store in John-street, like certain Southern States? Because you are going to *see seed*. 'Fourth, and lastly: 'Why is a modern man of fashion like an ancient Israelite in sorrow? Because he has *mussed ashes* on his lip.' S — closes his lively gossiping notelet with the following: 'I once heard a 'cullud pusson' preach from JOB 19: 26: 'And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet

in my flesh shall I see God,' etc. 'My breddern,' said he, 'dis tex natrally divides itse'f into three parts: First, *The Skin-worms*: second, *What they destroyed*: and third, *What they 'seen' when they was destroyed*.' — Mr. I — formerly kept a book-store in Auburn. On day a simple countryman was looking over the shelves, and seeing THUCYDIDES among the classic authors, he said: 'Mr. I —, what is this *Thuck-i-di-dees* about? Is it a novel, or *what* is it?' 'Smart,' that!' - - - Just as we are going to press, the Telegraph brings to us the sad intelligence of the death of CHARLES B. HADDOCK, D.D., for twenty-five years a distinguished Professor in Dartmouth College, and more lately our Ambassador to Portugal. Dr. HADDOCK was perhaps the most accomplished man in New-England, and in classical knowledge and belles-lettres was second only to EDWARD EVERETT. We postpone to our next number a more extended notice of his life and works. The readers of this Magazine have experienced a great loss in his death; for we had just arranged with him for a series of descriptive articles of great interest on Portugal. Mr. H. was a relative of DANIEL WEBSTER. - - - Somehow, since we attended, 'once upon a time,' with our 'responsibilities,' large and small, the 'Golden Wedding' of the lamented JOSEPH CURTIS, and 'Aunt DOLLY,' his wedded wife of fifty years, we never miss the perusal of any account of a similar occurrence which we may meet in any of the daily journals. Thus the following arrested our attention this very morning: 'B. DAVIS NOXON, Esq., the Nestor of the Onondaga bar, and his estimable wife, complete the fiftieth year of their wedded life next month. The Golden Wedding is to be suitably celebrated.' May they 'have a good time!' And when they are all assembled, let the old-lady-hostess (this term would not be 'polite' at any other than a 'Golden-Wedding,') mention the fact, that in a remarkable respect she is as one picked out of five thousand; for she can spell both of her names equally well, backward or forward: HANNAH NOXON. - - - We have again been compelled to omit our usual brief notices of *New Music*: awaiting more space to 'bring up arrears.' In the mean time, however, we must do an act of simple justice, long delayed, by calling attention to the '*National Musical Institute*,' meeting at 765 Broadway, New-York. Organized for the cultivation of vocal music, without advertisement or public notice of any kind, it has grown steadily in public favor, and is at present in full and successful operation. An elementary class, paying three dollars per quarter, and an advanced choral class, paying one dollar and fifty cents per quarter, meet each week for rehearsal, presided over by some resident musician of known talent. The Principal, Mr. CARL ANSCHUTZ, well known as a competent and conscientious musician, takes care that none but skilful teachers are engaged, and the Board of Directors see that they do their duty. There are many in our city who would be glad to join such an association, did they but know of its existence. - - - Our friends 'B. C. B.,' of Madison, (Ark.,) and 'B. R. S.,' of Knoxville, (Tenn.,) shall have their various 'say' to our readers presently. We have been compelled to omit many things from the March issue. - - - ALL the way from the '*Head of Salt River, Boyle County, (Ky.,)*' comes the following, from a new correspondent, 'W. H.' He is welcome: 'As your 'Gossip with Readers and Correspondents' seems to be a place for the reception and preservation of all sorts of funny 'happenings' in this vale of tears, (not to those who read your Editor's Table,)

I set down, as well as I can, a scene which was to be seen in Garrard County, in this State, some twenty years since: Major DANIEL and Father SCHOOLING had, several years previous to the time of which I speak, been candidates for the Legislature, (lower house,) Garrard then being entitled to two representatives. By arrangement, Major D. and Father S. were to help each other. During the canvass, it became necessary to secure the friendship of an old fellow who had several sons, and all voters. Now this could only be done by lending the aforesaid 'free and independent citizen' the loan of a 'double saw-buck'—in vulgar parlance, twenty dollars. Well, Major D. lent him the money, and Father S. went his security. All was done in due form. The election passed off; Major D. was elected, and Father S. was *not*. When the note fell due, the voter was unable to 'liquidate.' Father S. refused to settle. Major D. 'warranted,' and brought him up to the rack. Major D., being in the 'line of safe precedents,' in the course of a few years was again a candidate—this time for the State Senate. He was accused by his opponents of having swindled Father SCHOOLING out of twenty dollars. The argument was, that if the voter was unable to pay, the loss at least should be equally divided. On one occasion, when the MAJOR was addressing a large number of voters, Father S. was sitting on a dead log, pecking it with a hawk-bill knife; his head somewhat hung down, but paying close attention. Here was a chance for the MAJOR to clear himself of the charge of swindling. So, in tones of injured but easily-vindicated innocence, he called upon Father S. to remove the aspersion which had been cast upon his character. 'Here, Feller-citizens, is Father SCHOOLIN', as honest and upright and truthful a man as ever God made; ask him if I ever cheated him. Stand up, Father SCHOOLIN', and tell these voters if I swindled you out of twenty dollars.' 'I—rayther—think—you did—MAJOR!' drawled out the imperturbable Father S., still pecking at the log, and squirting out about a half-pint of tobacco-juice at the end of the sentence, by way of emphasis. 'Hush up, Father SCHOOLIN'!' said the MAJOR; 'how dare you interrupt me when I am discussing the great constitutional questions of my country!' The scene which followed may be imagined. Mr. CLARK, the incident is true; and you need n't be afraid of offending any one by its publication.' - - - THERE comes to our ears, as we are proof-reading at the printing-office, a sound of 'noise and tumult.' *Another* great press is going up in this Great Establishment! If the reader will scan the beautiful printing of Mr. GRAY, upon the fair white paper of BUTLER, in our present and future impressions, he will see *why* it is that, panic or no panic, our printer's vast business is constantly increasing. Not a press silent—not a compositor 'standing.' Abundant and various *matériel*, promptitude, *good work* and *fair prices*, 'underlie' success like this, in times like these: and these are Mr. GRAY's reliance. - - - THE 'hand-of-write' of the annexed brace of anecdotes, from as far away as distant Illinois, wafts hitherward, as we take it, another 'whiff' or two of a pleasant 'Meerschäum': 'I have an elder brother who has recently given up smoking, but still sniffs the delicious aroma with appreciative nostrils. The other evening, as I was enjoying my customary after-supper pipe, he asked me: 'How much I would take a pipe-full, to smoke for him all night?' At this juncture, little Sis, who already feels it her duty as a female member of society to be opposed to the practice, broke in:

'*Dick, how much will you take a pipe-full, not to smoke?*' Slightly Hibernian, is n't it? — As college professors, especially Professors of Mathematics, are not, as a general thing, very waggishly inclined, I think that when one of them *does* get off a joke, it should be recorded. So I submit the following: In one of our western colleges, a class was undergoing an examination in Trigonometry, in which the questions were printed, and the students required to write out the answers. One of the questions was a problem in Surveying — to find the distance and altitude of a certain object. H —, who had well-grounded misgivings as to his proficiency, hoping to get some clue to the solution, asked Prof. C — if the object was inaccessible. To which naïve inquiry the Professor blandly replied: 'I think it quite likely, Mr. H —, that many of you will find it *entirely inaccessible!*' - - - 'I AM in the habit of spending my evenings at my office,' writes a town friend, 'and often employ my time in playing chess. The other evening our little four-year-old GERTIE sat up quite late, waiting for me; but at last, becoming quite tired and impatient, she said: 'Mamma, I know what keeps papa so late: he is over at the office playing *chestnuts* with Mr. S —!' - - - It is to be regretted that, from non-editorial supervision, the beautiful little poem of '*The Snow-Drift*,' in preceding pages, should have been marred by a typographical error in its last stanza but one, which should read thus:

'UNWORTHIER fate, some base iconoclast
Thy flowing locks is waiting to destroy;
Perhaps *thou'lt* kiss the virgin earth at last
Beneath the vandal foot of some rude boy.'

THE MERCHANTS' AND BANKERS' ALMANAC FOR 1861. New-York: J. SMITH HOMANS. This little volume has been specially prepared for merchants and bankers. It comprises information of value to those classes especially. It contains:

'1. A list of Banks, Presidents and Cashiers, etc., in every town and city of the United States and Canada. 2. An Alphabetical List of fifteen hundred Cashiers in the United States. 3. A List of Private Bankers in every town and city of the United States, with the name of the New-York correspondent of each. 4. A List of Private Bankers in Europe, Asia, South-America, Australia, China, India, etc. 5. Annual Review of the Stock and Money Markets of New-York, for 1859-1860. 6. Abstract of the Usury Laws of each State, Damages on Bills of Exchange, etc. 7. A Dictionary of Commercial Terms. 8. The rates of Foreign Exchange (London, Paris, Amsterdam, Hamburg) at New-York each week, 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860. 9. Governor, Directors, etc., of the Bank of England.'

The frontispiece of the Almanac is an elaborately-engraved series of heads of eminent bankers and merchants of this country. This plate was engraved by the American Bank-Note Company, and comprises the following: GEORGE PEABODY, STEPHEN GIRARD, ALBERT GALLATIN, ERASTUS CORNING of Albany, JOHN RICHARDSON of Philadelphia, J. M. RAY of Indiana, and DAVID LEAVITT of New-York. Mr. PEABODY'S, Mr. RICHARDSON'S and Mr. CORNING'S portraits are the only ones which we are enabled to contrast with their originals; but *all* the portraits are excellently well engraved. We shall have somewhat more to say of this work, which only reaches us in sheets, in a future number. It contains two hundred octavo pages, and is sold at \$1.25 per volume.